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## MAJOR-GENERAL CANBY.

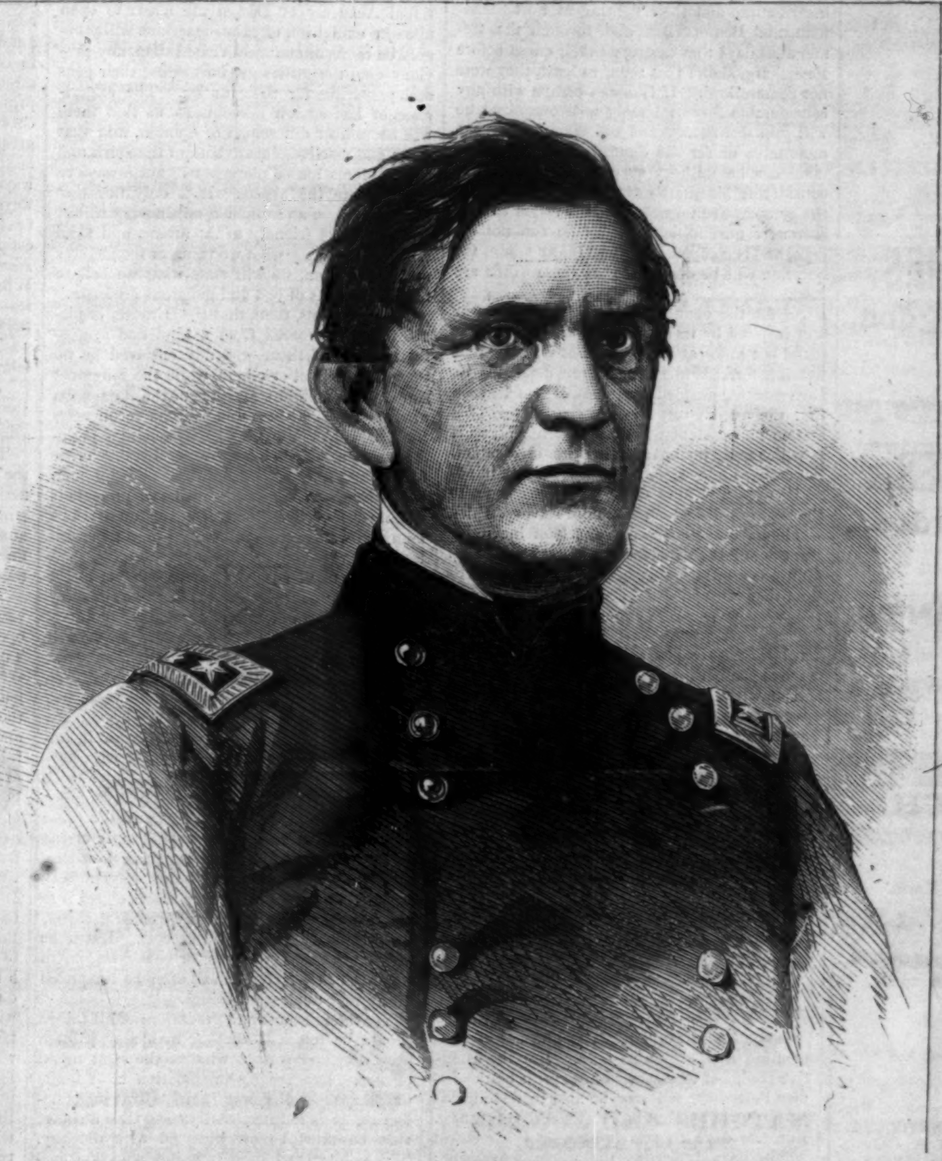
THE Gulf Department has been in this war so far removed from the vital centre of the rebellion that our interest in it has not been very intense. Especially of late, when the series of brilliant victories gained by THOMAS, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, TERRY, and GRANT, extending in one continuous line of glory from Nashville across the States of Georgia and South Carolina, and up the Atlantic Coast to the Shenandoah Valley, has absorbed all our attention, we have overlooked important movements in the Southwest, and have lost sight of some of the bravest heroes of the war. Among our veteran officers there is probably none who, for fidelity, integrity, and hard service, has more claims upon the gratitude of our people than Major-General EDWARD R. S. CANBY.

General CANBY has been for nearly thirty years in the military service. A native of Kentucky, he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1835, from which he was graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant. In 1846 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and the year after to a Captaincy. In the Mexican war he gained high distinction in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, and Belen Gate. He was rapidly promoted, first to a Major and then to Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. In the war on the frontier, also, he performed important services, which gained for him a high place in the esteem of the army and the people.

General CANBY entered into this war against the rebellion with the devotion of spirit and the disinterested patriotism which characterize the true soldier. Placed early at the head of the Department of New Mexico, he maintained his ground in that Territory with an obstinacy which won the victory even from superior numbers. His operations in this department were conducted under many disadvantageous circumstances. He was remote from the seat of government, and surrounded by hostile tribes of Indians. The vicinity of Texas enabled the rebels to confront him with an army superior in numbers. The country was almost a Sahara. Available springs of water were many miles apart, and his fortified posts must of necessity lie upon the banks of the rivers. It was under these circumstances that, in the spring of 1862, he fought the battle of Fort Craig, called by the enemy the battle of Valverde, against an army of Texans under the rebel General W. U. SIBLEY. This battle was fought in the open field against great odds; and the result, though a repulse, was in no sense a disaster. He was compelled to retire upon Fort Craig, where the rebel General declined to assault him. Here for some weeks General CANBY was compelled to remain, powerless for an offensive movement. Reinforced at length, he boldly took the field, and in a brief space of time drove the rebels back into Texas.

General CANBY superseded General BANKS in the command of the Department of the Gulf, and is now at the head of the operations against Mobile. This city is chiefly important from its situation at the mouth of the Alabama and Mobile rivers. Its capture will wind up the war in the Southwest. General CANBY'S combinations are such as must inevitably bring success to the national arms. Since General CANBY has been at the head of the Gulf Department he has, in the midst of temptations that would corrupt many men, preserved his integrity intact. No officer in the army can produce a cleaner record. None is more respected and beloved by the soldiers of his command.

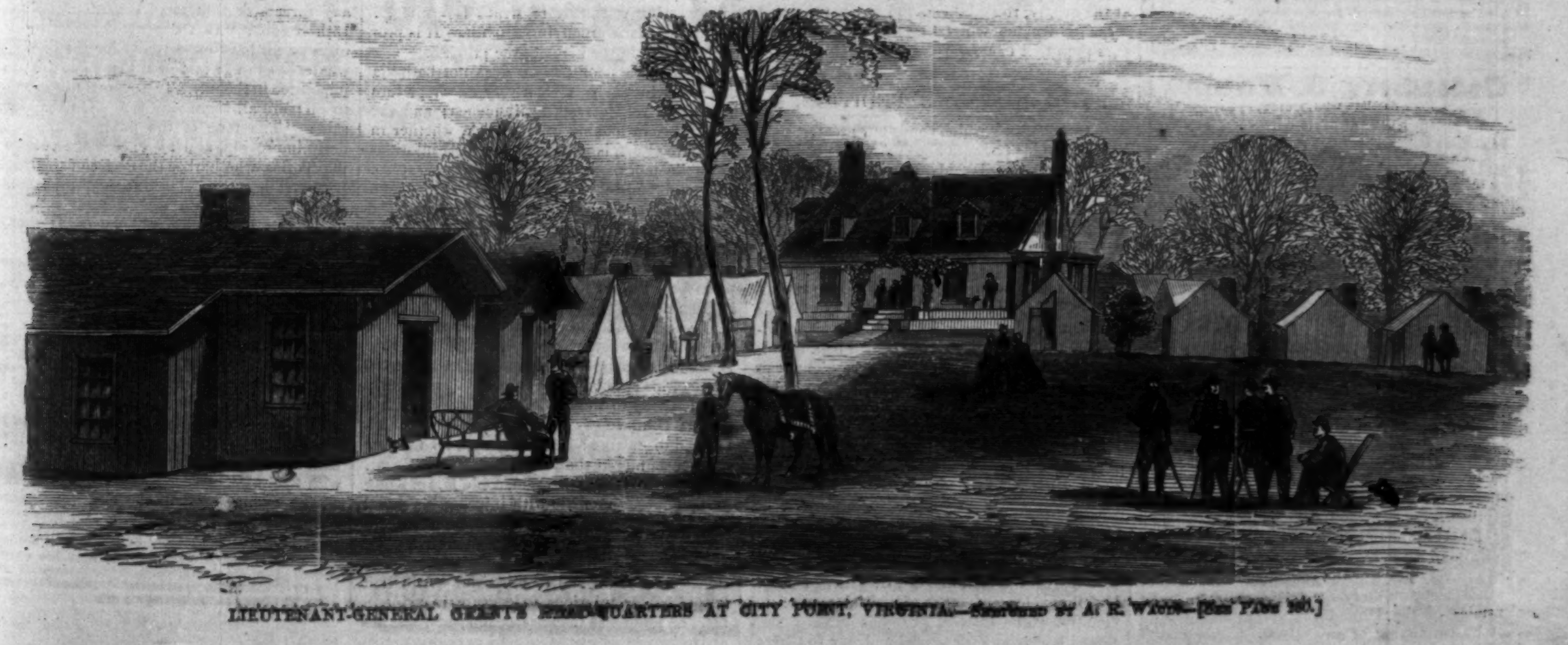
The photograph from which, on this page, we reproduce the portrait of General CANBY was taken by Mr. THEODORE LILIENTHAL, of New Orleans, to whom we are indebted for many similar courtesies in the past.



MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD R. S. CANBY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL, 131 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS.]

## THE INTERIOR OF FORT LAFAYETTE.

LIKE old Sumter, Fort Lafayette is a sea-girt fortress, standing at the entrance of New York Harbor, and, bristling with 100-pounders, is ready, with its sister forts, Hamilton and Richmond, on Long Island and Staten Island respectively, to dispute the passage of the Narrows. As soon as the war commenced the National Government recognized the adaptability of this fort as a military prison. It was here that the members of the Maryland Legislature were imprisoned in 1861. PIERRE SOULÉ, too, and a host of other notables, have been confined here; among whom were Admiral BUCHANAN, General PAGE and his Staff (captured in Mobile Bay and at Fort Morgan), Generals PRYOR and BEAL, and Captain THOM. In room No. 2, which is the subject of our illustration on page 236, Captain BEALL, recently executed as a spy, and Captain KENNEDY, who has also lately met his end in a similar manner, were confined.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

## THE JOY-GUN.

### BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD REALF.

["Soon after the occupation of Wilmington by the United States forces a negro called at the head-quarters of General Schofield, to whom, being introduced, he made known his errand. He had gathered together hundreds of men and women, escaped slaves, marching them from the interior by night. Not knowing whether our forces were yet in possession of the city, he had left his people behind him and scouted through alone, promising them that if he found the Union soldiers he would ask the General to fire a '*joy-gun*,' when they were all to come in and join him. The General ordered one of the heaviest pieces of artillery in the fort to be fired."—*Army Letter*.]

Borne on the wings of the Northern breeze,
Wafted on airs from happy seas,
The word of the Lord by his servant's mouth
Came to the bondsmen of the South;
And young and old with a sudden cry,
Answered, "Yea, Master, here am I!"

* * * * * * *

With the dread of his old life shuddering through him,
With the hope of his new life beckoning to him,
In his heart the goad of the troubled eyes
Of those whose prayers flew on before him,
And a vast vague dream of freer skies
Bending like God's dear pity o'er him,
The black man looked in our General's face,
Speaking his word for himself and race.

He was only a black man; grim and gaunt,
Torn and tattered and lean from want;
Mired with the slime of the oozing fen
Wherein he had crouched from tiger-men,
Poor and ignorant, mean and low,
Blossom of ages of shame and woe.
Cowed by scourges and chains and whips,
Starved of bountiful fellowships;
Dull of feeling, heavy of brain:
Dead to the finer spiritual sense
Which through the white man's passion and pain
Sees that the heavens are clear, and thence
God shining on us. Only a slave,
With the ache in his breast which dumb souls have.

But as he stood there bare of head,
Telling the Union General
How his people arose and fled
Out from the dreadful gates of hell,
Into the darkness, into the night,
Through terrible leagues of mortal flight,
Past forest and thicket, swamp and flood,
Leaving a trail of human blood,
And how he too had crawled and crept
Through the arméd watch the enemy kept,
To see for his brethren, hidden there
Down in the jungle's fastnesses,
Whether indeed a pathway were
Open to Freedom for him and his.
And how they waited with straining ear,
And hearts on tip-toe of hope and fear,
To catch the throb of the blessed gun
Which he prayed might shout to them all was won,
And the General said it should be done:—
Oh, it was wonderful to trace
How, o'er his black and stolid face,
Shot like an instant gleam from the sun
A painéd rapture, an awful grace,
An august look in his lifted eyes,
Tranced with a vision through which there brake
The self-same Infinite Voice which spake
To the dead Lazarus, saying, Arise!
So was the human soul within him
Drawn from its hideous selpulchre,
To where archangels might woo and win him,
And the breath of the Lord be Comforter.
So from his brows like a cowl there slid
The stagnate seeming of sullen care,
In the dark of which had the MAN lain hid:
A new life stirred to the roots of his hair;
The glory of God eclipsed the brute,
And the slave fell dead at the freedman's foot.

Oh, gun of Freedom! that then and there
Poured for the fainting fugitives
Oil of gladness upon despair,
Healing balm upon bruiséd lives.
Albeit thou spak'st but once, I know
That thy grand thunder shall never die,
But gather an ampler voice, and grow
In greatening echoes around the sky,
Over the hurtling shouts of war,
Landward and seaward, near and far,
Till every tyranny reels and rocks,
Smitten to hell by mighty shocks;
And the wasted hearts of the weary rouse
Spring-born from desolate wintry drowse;
And its blessed billows of music roll
To shackled body and thrallèd soul,
Slave and master and bond and free,
Till the whole earth, Lord, lies pure in Thee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

## RICHMOND.

When Oliver Cromwell won a vast and decisive victory his earnest heart thanked God for a "crowning mercy;" and we may be sure that nothing less than the consciousness of a great deliverance could have set every bell ringing, every flag flying, every heart beating, and have brought merchants and bankers to the steps of the Exchange at high noon of Monday, April 3, 1865, to unite in solemnly singing "Old Hundred" and "John Brown." The Virginian capital, dextrously defended for years as the very heart of the rebellion, was not surrendered by military or civil negotiation: the armies of the United States did not occupy it by permission of any man or body of men. They entered victorious, and liberated thousands of their fellow-citizens from the most relentless despotism.

It was fit that the old flag should be restored to the city of Richmond by soldiers of the race to secure whose eternal degradation that flag had been pulled down; and it was peculiarly fit that the army of the Potomac so brave and steady and persistent, so long baffled by various fortune, should at last justify their own patient heroism and the national confidence by striking the final blow. Nor less pleasant is it that the concluding operations of the war in its chief battle-field of Virginia should have been personally directed by the simple, silent, sagacious, tenacious soldier, whose name will be always precious in the national heart, the Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States.

It is a natural speculation to wonder what the rebels will do next. Their leaders are not men who will relinquish the struggle until the defeat and disappearance of their soldiers assure them that there is no other alternative. Those soldiers comprise the most desperate men of the insurrection, and their fighting at Fort Steadman, and Bentonsville, and through the tremendous days that destroyed their cause before Petersburg, shows that then, at least, they were not demoralized. If Lee can escape with any considerable force tolerably well organized he will join Johnston, and either make for the mountains or for the Southwest; or, possibly, upon a calm military survey of the situation, considering his ghastly disaster in Virginia and the comparative fewness of his defeated troops, surrender unconditionally. If he can not escape, and is compelled to face Grant again, the question will be decided before these words are read.

As for the country, solemnized by the war and inspired by its success, it has learned what it did not know at first—and that is, what it is fighting for. While it has been defending its Government, assailed by rebels, it has learned that the assault was made in the interest of a system inconsistent with free government, as it is with manly honor and Christian civilization. An earlier and easier victory would have blinded its eyes, and have delivered it once more to the deadly political corruption of slavery, which would have made the next shock of inevitable war even more perilous than this has been. Bull Run was a bitter pang, but it was a higher wisdom that caused us to

> "Wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation,"

until the costly blood of its noblest children washed the national blindness away, and every man saw the reality of the terrible conflict between humanity and brutality, civil order and barbarism.

And now, with no hatred of our fellow-citizens with whom we have fought, and whom we know were deluded by leaders who can never be forgiven, without scorn or vituperation, but with devout gratitude to Almighty God for this crowning mercy, let us all, remembering the young and brave by whom we have been saved, the eyes that are dim and the hearts that are breaking, even in this hour of jubilee, resolve that the peace they have secured for us shall be as broad as liberty and as eternal as justice.

## SHERIDAN.

Among a host of heroes it is almost unfair to mention a single name only. But the attentive reader of the reports of the great battles before Petersburg will not be able to restrain his enthusiastic admiration of General Sheridan. For two days he was baffled, and his defeat would have imperiled the whole movement; but with masterly skill he retreated, re-formed, knew no such word as fail, and finally, grasping his army with the hand of genius, hurled it at the enemy, routed them, and secured the victory. No name will be sweeter to American ears than that of "Little Phil Sheridan."

## THE AGASSIZ EXPEDITION.

The generosity which sends our greatest naturalist and his party to South America deserves a permanent record. Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, knowing that Professor Agassiz was contemplating a tour of scientific exploration up the Amazon and Andes, authorized him to take with him as many assistants as he chose, and assumed all the expenses of the expedition. This is a national gift. It is not only spending money, but spending it wisely. Like the Astor Library, and Lawrence School, and Peabody Institute, the Agassiz expedition will be a monument of Mr. Thayer's munificence. The jealousy of riches disappears when they are nobly used, and we feel that he has a right to be rich who shows that he considers himself a steward and trustee for the public benefit. Nor ought we to omit to mention that the Pacific Steamship Company, in the most generous spirit, have made their contribution to this expedition of Agassiz by conveying him and his party without expense in the splendid ship *Colorado*. It is a graceful munificence that will not be forgotten.

We wish the example of Mr. Thayer might be followed by some other of the rich men of the country. The *Evening Post* has already suggested a special agricultural embassy to China, which should be intrusted to Dr. MacGowan, and there are many other good things that might be done. For instance, a complete gallery of casts from all the famous statues in the world would be a collection easily made and of the highest value. The expense would be great, but there are great fortunes that could well support it; and as a cast is the most perfect copy of a work of art possible, we should have the treasures of all the capitals of the world gathered in our own. Napoleon brought the bronze horses of St. Mark from Venice to Paris, and Italy sighed and frowned to see her noble works borne away as trophies. But some of our peaceful conquerors might stretch their golden wands, and, without robbing a single foreign city, incalculably enrich their own. That is a secret which neither Napoleon nor Julius Cæsar knew. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.

## ART CRITICISM.

Now that the beautiful doors of the new National Academy of Design are about to open upon an exhibition of paintings which will probably be more numerously visited than any previous one, the critics are burnishing their pens and preparing for their duties. The experience of last season admonishes us that there will be radical differences of opinion, and that frank and fearless censure both of the spirit and the manipulation of pictures will not always be agreeable to the artists. It is only fair that there should be no avoidable misunderstanding; and as we are friendly to the artists, and shall not hesitate to say what we think of the pictures upon exhibition, we will state what we believe to be the limits of just and generous criticism.

It seems to us, then, that the criticism of pictures should proceed from a kind and sympathetic study of them—a study enslaved by no theory, no school or clique, while the judgment should be a candid statement of the impression produced. Smartness and sarcasm recoil upon the critic. A quip may easily excite a prejudice, and a sneer pass for a verdict. A critic has duties and responsibilities, and no man who remembers that the painting of pictures is the means of livelihood of many meritorious men and women, will wantonly injure them unless he is very contemptible.

On the other hand, the critic can not forget that he has undertaken to say what he sincerely thinks of certain objects of general public interest, and, if he have a true sense of honor, he will no more speak falsely about a picture than about any other subject upon which he is trusted. If he has duties to the artist he has them none the less to the public: and if a man exposes a wretched daub, hoping that nobody will discover it, another man who says that it is good, or who, having assumed to speak, allows his silence to be construed as approbation, is merely accomplice in an imposition. On the other hand, if a critic were to visit a gallery, and speak only of the pictures that he could honestly praise, those that he did not mention would be as emphatically censured by his silence. If a man's object is to say pleasant things it is a very excellent object, and we wish him unvaried success. But if he wishes to criticise pictures, or books, or human conduct, or character, he will often be compelled to say very unpleasant things.

Yet the relations and gradations of all things should be remembered. A man may paint a very wretched picture without the least moral offense. Because his imagination is at fault, or his eye for color is bad, or his drawing is defective, he is not necessarily so terrible a sinner that he must be overwhelmed with obloquy. The mildest and most innocent men do sometimes paint the most atrocious pictures, just as they whistle out of tune or quote poetry incorrectly. In treating of their poor pictures an overpowering solemnity of wrath is untimely. It recoils. It is crucifying a moth. It is proclaiming figs in the name of the prophet.

But while a poor picture does not betray a bad heart in the painter, a very clever picture may be of very corrupting influence; and the critic who, in looking at any work, whether in literature or art, is persuaded that it is injurious to public morals, is certainly bound to say so. He may be mistaken, of course. Another man may be differently affected. But it would be very foolish for one reader of Byron's "Don Juan" to refrain from condemning what he thought to be the licentious tendency of the poem because another reader thought better of it, even though the other reader were Shelley, who considered it the greatest of modern poems.

It should be remembered, also, that the critic is not to be accused of personal malevolence because of his opinion of the immorality of a work. Is it hostility to the shade of the long-forgotten Aphra Behn to say that her novels were prurient and disgusting? And if a man for the first time encountered the tales of Paul de Kock, not knowing who wrote them, could M. de Kock justly charge the critic with injuring his moral character if he advised his friends not to read them? If all honest moral censure of æsthetic works is to be interpreted as enmity of the authors there is an end of criticism. And if it be unkind or injurious to censure in print, it must be no less so in conversation; and we thus arrive inevitably at the absurd conclusion, that if we think a book or a picture or a statue immoral, we must carefully hold our tongues, and so permit the public mind to be corrupted, lest the feelings of the corrupter should be hurt. If, indeed, a critic should gravely declare that the Madonnas of Raphael were demoralizing pictures, he would only make himself ridiculous. But if he said that Correggio's Io was a work which might harm young people the critic might be mistaken, but the sensible Correggio could not be fairly angry. Or to take an illustration at hand. Gerome's picture of the Almee is, in our opinion, a work which may wisely be exhibited; but if X, or Y, or Z, who write for other papers, should say that it is too indecent to be publicly seen, we should not at once angrily suppose they meant to injure M. Gerome, nor to spoil his market.

It is for this fidelity and frankness in criticism which distinguish the little monthly journal called *The New Path* that we are glad to see it taking a fresh lease of life and, we hope, of public attention. Its aim is single and sincere. If its criticisms seem to any one crude and unjust and severe, they yet have the radical merit of honesty. If it appear to favor a new and unpopular school of art, it is because, in common with some of the acutest and most thoughtful critics of the time, it believes the principles of that school to be correct. If it censure the departure of popular art from the great original, Nature, it censures in good faith and before the public judgment. We do not always agree with what it says, nor can we always commend the manner. But it has freshness, vitality, conviction, and a genuine interest in the subject. The sincere *spirit* of *The New Path* can not be too highly commended. What we all need—painters and public and critics—is a little more honest frankness; and with the opening of the doors of the new Academy we heartily hope that the doors of a new era in current art criticism will also open.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

The important question is the disposition of the people in the Rebel States. Are the people actively hostile to the Government, or is the strength of the rebellion in the army? The answer to these questions is best found in the unconscious admission of the chief rebel journals.

The Richmond *Sentinel* of March 30, in a very long and serious article, says truly of the opening campaign of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas: "Without doubt this combination is very formidable, and installs a tremendous campaign. It is to be the life and death struggle, the crisis and solution of the war. Grant is about to make an effort full of peril to us, but full of peril also to himself. He will give us a death wound or we will give him his." It proceeds to say that "the great question is, will our people do their duty?"

The *Sentinel* was Davis's organ, and its tone for several weeks before the fall of Richmond was one of doubt as to the popular resolution. It rang with appeals to the faithful to stand fast. On the 1st of March it said: "Why is it that our public men can not see the importance of cultivating a cheerful spirit and encouraging hopeful sentiments among the people and soldiers?" On the 7th it said: "We will surely win the fight if we do our duty……Let no one imagine that the few poltroons with beards on who are whipped without ever having been in a fight are a sample of our population……We do not intend to be sold out or betrayed by them…… Stand up like men in this hour of trial." On the 8th it said: "Nothing can be more unpatriotic or in worse taste than to threaten the majority with defection and abandonment unless they shall yield their opinions to a listless and unenergetic minority……We do not credit any threats or rumors of desertion." On the 15th it said: "In the great occasion which is upon us all have opportunity for the display of whatever courage and greatness of soul God has implanted in them……The opportunity has come to all; are all improving it?" On the 25th it said: "The tone of the public confidence is daily improving, and all except the contemptible Tories, who harbor the desire of their country's overthrow, are elated at the prospect of the coming victories."

All this is full of significance. It shows a profound consciousness of a fatal division of sentiment and mortal apathy. The Richmond *Sentinel* was fond of appealing to the illustrious examples of history. Let us remind its wandering conductors, then, that this tone of doubt, of expostulation, of contempt, of spite, of pathetic appeal, irresistibly suggests that the people to which it is addressed are not like the Romans after Cannæ, nor like the Gauls destroying their cities before Julius Cæsar, nor like the French in the beginning of their struggle with allied Europe, nor like the Dutch fighting with Spain.

The cardinal fact of the situation is clearly read in its own late editorials, and that is, that the rebellion is as strong as the combined army and no stronger. It does not actively exist in the population of the rebel section. And when Jefferson Davis's organ declared that this campaign was the solution of the war it confessed that Davis's talk about fighting for twenty years was the utt[illegible] which every sensible man knew it to be when it was uttered. The rebellion will last as long as an organized army keeps the field, and no longer.

## ANOTHER VIEW.

The country seems to be under a curious misapprehension as to what has taken place in and around the city of Richmond. It has been generally supposed that Grant had defeated Lee in a fierce and sanguinary series of battles, and had finally compelled him to a hasty and rather uncomfortable retreat from Richmond. But the real facts of the case are set forth by the New York organ of the rebellion, as follows:

"The great armies that have so long defended Richmond and Petersburg have been removed to another quarter, where, in the estimation of their General, their valor and endurance can be made more available."

And again: "During that night the army moved out of both Richmond and Petersburg, and marched to take up the line of defense which had been determined on since the adoption of the Confederate policy of interior lines."

And once more: "Lee's army withdrawn intact, and tied no longer to one position, the Confederacy frowns a more terrible defiance today from the fastnesses of her vast interior."

Lee's army "withdrawn intact" is good.

## THE SONG OF THE BUGLE.

Out of my brazen throat each morn
I sound the call at the break of day,
And my hollow notes on the wind are borne
High over the hills and far away:
But first they wind through the drowsy camp,
Then on through the valley and over the hills,
By field and river and wood they go
Till the mellow music the wide air fills.

The trooper starts from his bed on the ground
Where all night long in sleep he lay;
The war-horse neighs when he hears the sound
Float on through the camp at the dawn of day;
And the trooper buckles against his side
The trusty blade he has worn so long;
And away over river and field and wood
Wind the mellow notes of my morning song.

The wild bird hears it within his nest
High up in the tops of the tall pine-trees,
As he pours from out of his swelling breast
His own sweet song on the wandering breeze—
Then I call aloud from my hollow lungs,
"To horse! to horse!" and the sabres clang,
And the wide woods echo as if through their breadth
A thousand clattering anvils rang.

Then *forward*, and over the rugged way
Sound the clang of the sabres, the horses' loud tramp;
The sun looks out from the halls of day,
But views no longer a waking camp;
And out of my brazen throat I fling
A mellow greeting so loud and clear,
That it rings through the misty vales and wakes
The slumbering echoes afar and near.

But louder than all are the notes I sound
When the order is given to charge the foe;
Then the war-horse spurns with his hoof the ground,
And many a gallant trooper lies low
In the fiery onset's terrible shock,
When the dumb earth seems to hold its breath,
And eyes that kindled with sudden fire
Are fixed in the glassy stare of death.

But a louder blast shall be heard one day
Than any which sounds from my hollow throat,
High over the hills and far away
Through the realms of space the song shall float;
But before the angel shall sound that call
War and famine and hate shall cease,
And the earth with her fruits and smiling flowers
Shall bloom through a thousand years of peace.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE SITUATION.

The result of the series of battles beginning March 29 and ending April 2 can hardly be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Lee has certainly been unable to take with him from the field of his defeat one half of his army. The estimate of rebel prisoners captured has been put at 25,000. Lee's loss in killed and wounded can scarcely have been less than 10,000. The stragglers and deserters can not be numbered.

General Weitzel telegraphs from Richmond that of railroad stock he found there 28 locomotives, 44 passenger and baggage cars, and 106 freight cars.

At 3.30 A.M. April 4, General Grant from Sutherland Station, ten miles from Petersburg, toward Burkesville, telegraphs as follows:

"General Sheridan picked up one thousand two hundred prisoners to-day, and from three to five hundred more have been gathered by our troops. The majority of the arms that were left in the hands of Lee's army are now scattered between Richmond and where his troops now are. The country is also full of stragglers. The line of retreat is marked with artillery, ammunition, burned or charred wagons, caissons, ambulances," etc.

And again, later in the day:

"The cavalry have pursued so closely that the enemy have been forced to destroy probably the greater part of the transportation, caissons, and munitions of war. The number of prisoners captured yesterday will exceed 2000.

"From the 20th of March to the present time our loss in killed, wounded, and captured will not probably reach 7000, of whom 1500 to 2000 were captured, and many but slightly wounded. I shall continue the pursuit as long as there appears to be any use in it."

### NEWS ITEMS.

The funeral of General A. P. Hill, killed in the recent battles, was attended with military honors just previous to the evacuation of Petersburg, General Lee and other distinguished officers being present. He was buried in the City Cemetery on the day of his death, the circumstances not permitting the retention of his remains longer.

In the battle of Five Forks, on Saturday, April 1, Brevet Brigadier-General Winthrop—cousin of Theodore Winthrop—was mortally wounded. The *World* correspondent thus narrates the circumstances attending his death. He fell at once, and his men who loved him gathered around and took him tenderly to the rear, where he died before the stretcher on which he lay could be deposited beside the meeting-house door. On the way from the field to the hospital he wandered in mind at times, crying out, "Captain Weaver, how is that line? Has the attack succeeded, etc.?" When he had been resuscitated for a pause he said: "Doctor, I am done for." His last words were: "Straighten the line!" And he died peacefully. He was a cousin of Major Winthrop, the author of "Cecil Dreeme," and the brother-in-law of Mr. August Belmont. He was twenty-seven years of age. I had talked with him before going into action, as he sat at the side of General Ayres, and was permitted by the guard of honor to uncover his face and look upon it. He was pale and beautiful, marble rather than corpse, and the uniform cut away from his bosom showed how white and fresh was the body, so pulseless now. General Griffin said to me: "This victory is not worth Winthrop's life."

Winthrop went into the service as a simple color-bearer. At his death he commanded a brigade in Ayres's Division of the Fifth Corps.

On the 31st of March the steam transport *General Lyon*, from Wilmington for Fortress Monroe, having on board between five and six hundred persons, including a number of soldiers and male and female Southern refugees, caught fire when off Cape Hatteras, and was entirely consumed. The flames were ignited by a light coming in contact with a kerosene barrel, and in a very short time the whole vessel was enveloped. The *General Sedgwick* and a schooner were both near the *General Lyon* while she was burning; but notwithstanding every effort was made to give succor, very few of the unfortunate passengers could be rescued, owing to the high wind and the heavy sea. The scene is described as most heart-rending. Many, including women and children, in their terror jumped into the water to escape a fiery death, only to be swallowed up by the waves, while others remained on board and were devoured by the flames. Out of the entire number only thirty-five or forty are so far known to have been saved, though hopes are entertained that some others may have been picked up.

The advance of General Stoneman's cavalry force, which recently moved from Knoxville, Tennessee, and which the rebels have reported as designed to strike Lynchburg, Virginia, entered and captured the town of Boone, North Carolina, on the 27th ult., after routing the rebels stationed there, and inflicting on them a loss of ten killed and over sixty wounded. The rebel papers report that Stoneman's command consists of about six thousand cavalry, and that he is accompanied by the Fourth Corps of national infantry, under General Stanley, numbering at least fifteen thousand men.

Admiral Paulding will resign the command of the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the 1st of May, and will be succeeded by Commodore Charles H. Bell.

The vote of New York on the Court of Appeals amendment, excepting only Dutchess County, is 55,285 in favor, and 80,636 against. Only one-fifth of the vote of last November was polled.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

Signor Mazzini and the Pope.—Signor Mazzini has published a solemn address to the Pope on his Encyclical letter. Having shown the futility of the anathemas in that letter he says: "There was a time" (which he regards with reverence) "when the Popes were the depositaries and guardians of the moral law. Believing in their mission of justice and liberty for all, intrepid against all who sought to violate their power, and ready to suffer for their faith, which then was the faith of the peoples, the Popes, from the fifth to the thirteenth century, aided and promoted the progress which Pio Nono now condemns." "But," he says, "you are both a prince and the servant of princes at the present day. You reign through force, not through faith; your party is corrupt and corrupting; the Sanctuary is surrounded by Neapolitan brigands upon whom you confer your blessing, while you have no word of comfort for the peoples who invoke God's liberty and equality. Your predecessors might and ought, you might and ought to have accompanied us upon the path of discovery and advance, in order to have left us, as Moses left his people, on the borders of the promised land, and have blessed us in dying even as a dying father blesses his children who survive him. You expire cursing the spirit of inquiry, cursing the power of intellect, cursing faith in the discovery of the truth, cursing the people who seek their freedom, cursing mankind and life itself. An apostate from Jesus and humanity, you condemn yourself to expire in isolation, deprived of all communion with your brother men. As Pope, six hundred years of impotence—the betrayal of every precept of Christ—your church's adultery with the wicked princes of the earth—the idolatry of the form substituted for the spirit of religion—the systematic immorality of the men who surround you, and the negation of all progress sanctioned by yourself as the condition of progress, rise in judgment against you. As prince the blood of Rome, and the impossibility of your remaining there a single day other than by brute force, rise in judgment against you. Reconcile yourself with God. With humanity you can not.—Joseph Mazzini."

A Human Magpie.—Many years ago there lived at Cambridge a miserly old couple of the name of Jardine: they had two sons: the father was a perfect miser, and at his death one thousand guineas were discovered secreted in his bed. The two sons grew up as parsimonious as their sire. When about twenty years of age they commenced business at Cambridge as drapers, and they continued there until their death. The establishment of the Messrs. Jardine was the most dirty of all the shops in Cambridge. Customers seldom went in to purchase, except perhaps out of curiosity. The brothers were most disreputable-looking beings; for, although surrounded with gay apparel as their staple in trade, they wore the most filthy rags themselves. It is said that they had no bed, and, to save the expense of one, always slept on a bundle of packing-cloths under the counter. In their housekeeping they were penurious in the extreme. A joint of meat did not grace their board for twenty years. Yet when the first of the brothers died, the other, much to his surprise, found large sums of money which had been secreted even from him.

Swearing for the Family.—A returned Chinese missionary relates the following anecdote, showing the caution of the Chinese. He says:

During one of our examinations for candidates for baptism at Ngukang, I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?" I inquired.

"Yes," one replied; "this is mother, and these are my brothers."

"Where is your father?" I continued.

"He is at home, attending to his business."

"Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?"

"Yes; he is entirely willing."

"Why does not your father himself become a Christian?"

"He says it would not do for all the family to embrace Christianity."

"And why," I asked, with some curiosity, "does he think so?"

"He says that if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of that circumstance to impose upon us."

"How will they do that?" I inquired.

"Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain that we have embraced Christianity, they will proceed at once to curse us and maltreat us. Hence, father says to us, 'You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen, so as to retaliate on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family.'"

It is supposed that the answer and excuse were satisfactory.

Intermarriages of Relatives.—There is a matter which greatly interests many people—it is the consequences of marriages between relations. All know the ideas that are commonly entertained on this subject, but M. Voisin, of Batz, communicated to the last meeting of the Academy the results of forty-six marriages contracted by cousins of different degrees, from which it appears that all these marriages have been fecund, that the offspring live and grow well developed and in good health—in fact, none of the evil consequences which have been ascribed to intermarriages have been found to spring from these unions.

God's Greetings.—God greets many a one who never observes, and many more who never thank him for it. When, for instance, his sun wakes thee early to the enjoyment of another day of life and health, it is as if he said to thee "Good-morning!" and when, at eventide, thine eye closes in peaceful slumber, it is because God hath bid thee "Good-night;" and when thou sittest down to a well-spread board with a good appetite, it is God's gift for thy good. When, again, thou art enabled timely to discover some threatening danger, what is it but God saying to thee, "Take heed, my child, and turn back before it be too late?" When, on some early summer morning, thou walkest about amidst the blossoming flowers and the singing birds, and thy heart feels light and joyful, is not God saying to thee, "Welcome, heartily welcome to my palace garden?" And when, all of a sudden, perhaps, without thou knowing how or why, thy heart is moved to good thoughts, and thou beginnest to feel sorrow for having done wrong, and a desire to do better, is not thy Heavenly Father saying to thee, "Oh, grieve not my Holy Spirit which now stirs within thee?" Or, when thou passest by a new-made grave, and a sudden shudder of anxious foreboding runs cold through thy frame, is not God greeting thee with the fatherly admonition, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them; for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave, whither thou art fast hastening?" Oh, yes, these are God's greetings, "whether we will hear or whether we will forbear." But if we hail them not with pleasure in time, we shall remember them with vain regret in eternity.

Idea of the Commandments.—A Scotch lad came to a clergyman for examination previous to his receiving his first communion. The pastor, knowing that his young friend was not very profound in his theology, and not wishing to discourage him, or keep him from the table, unless compelled to do so, began by asking what he thought a safe question, and what would give him confidence; so he took the Old Testament, and asked him, in reference to the Mosaic law, how many commandments there were. After a little thought he put his answer in the form of a supposition, and replied, cautiously, "Aiblins (perhaps) a hunner (hundred)." The clergyman was vexed, and told him such ignorance was intolerable, that he could not proceed in the examination, and that the youth must wait and learn more; so he went away. On returning home he met a friend on his way to the manse, and, on learning that he, too, was going to the minister for examination, shrewdly asked him, "Weel, what will ye say noo if the minister asks you how many commandments there are?" "Say! why, I shall say ten, to be sure." To which the other rejoined, with great triumph, "Ten! try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he was na satisfied."

French Luxury.—At the trades' exhibition in Paris the pretty things are plentiful, and the collection includes one or two amusing inventions. Foremost among these is a superb car, drawn by silver swans of gigantic proportions. The car is intended for fair bathers. In its fairy net-work they may recline at their ease, and float upon the waters and in the waters, buoyed up by the four gallant silver swans, who will bear them safely upon the gentle swell of summer seas. At the fair bather's elbow is a handle that works a screw, and by this screw she may drive her car and her swans at her own sweet will. This is luxury enough, one would imagine, even for a Parisian countess at Biarritz or Trouville. But the inventor is not satisfied. He knows the ladies for whom he caters; and in the backs of the noble birds he has contrived a liquor-case! Next year the old port at Biarritz will be gay with silver swans, bearing upon the dancing waters the simple and homely daughters of the France of the Second Empire—sipping Noyeau!

Find Fault in Private.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offense rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor, and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offense.

"Oh that I were dead!" cried the Bull-finch.

"I don't wonder at it, I'm sure, dear," said the Cat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the cage.

"To be penned up here from day to day, while all my friends are rejoicing in the sweet sunny sky and the flowers," said the Bull-finch.

"How distressing!" said the Cat, with much feeling.

"And just to be allowed now and then for a few minutes to try my wing by a flight round the room," said Bully.

"Mere mockery! a cruel insult I call *that*," said the Cat.

"And as to singing, how can *I* sing?"

"How, indeed?" said the Cat.

"This piping song that I have been drilled into, not a note of it comes from my heart."

"I never could bear any thing that didn't come from the heart," said the Cat, very demurely.

"Oh that I were dead!" said the Bull-finch.

"It's what your best friends must wish for you, dear," said the Cat; "and, as the door of your cage is a little ajar, I see, you have only to come out and—"

"And what?" asked the Bull-finch.

"Why, dearest, I would, however painful to my feelings, soon put you out of your misery," said the Cat, preparing to spring; upon which the Bull-finch set up a scream of such terror that his mistress flew into the room, and Puss was glad to escape down stairs.

Not Good for Man to be Alone.—No one will contend that there are no crimes committed by married men. Facts would look such an assertion out of countenance. But it may be said with truth that there are very few crimes committed by married men, compared with the number committed by those who are unmarried. Whatever faults Voltaire may have had, he certainly showed himself a man of sense when he said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise." An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it can not be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the whole current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affections, the example, and the interests of his "better half" keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore, the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country. And we have no doubt but that a similar effect is produced by marriage on the woman; though, from a difference in their labors, and the greater exposure to temptation on the part of the man, we have no doubt but man reaps a greater advantage from the restraining influences of marriage than woman does.

The Violet.—The origin of the violet dates back to the age of Apollo, and associates itself with the peccadilloes of those earthly gods whose highest mission was perplexing man. Ia, the daughter of Atlas, one of the nymphs of Diana, falls in love with Apollo; and her mistress, determined to prevent a match of which she did not approve, causes the face of the nymph to become of a violet color, to disgust Apollo. Apollo, however, still pursues her, and she, in escaping from him, is converted into a violet, preserving as a flower the beauty and the timid bashfulness she felt before.

Saint Anthony is the patron saint of false starts in Rome. We are afraid on the American turf the words used about false starts are not saintly. At some races lately, in Rome, a false start being declared, all the prizes went to Saint Anthony. It seems he is the patron of a hospital for sick horses in the neighborhood. The horses are taken in to kill or cure. If cured, they are sold; if they die, no one can tell what becomes of them. Sausages are plentiful in Rome.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### WHEN OTHER GAS.

(With A-compani-ment.)

When other gas and better light
Their influence shall lend,
'Tis then I'll welcome with de-light
A most de-light-ful friend.
And now I'm writing for the "mass,"
So tell the "company"
If they don't furnish better gas
They may remember me.

Poetical.—Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady when she married lost her personal identity—her distinctive character; and was like a dew drop swallowed by a sunbeam."

Irish Proverbs.—Men of straw don't make the best bricks. It's a narrow bed that has no turning. When money is sent flying out of the window, it's poverty that comes in at the door. The pig that pleases to live must live to please. One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse. Short rents make long friends; and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes. Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the blackguard. When wise men fall out, then rogues come by what is not their own.

Nap Caught Napping.—The preface to the Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" commences with these remarkable words:

"Historical truth ought to be no less sacred than religion."

We should like to know what the head of His Imperial Highness's Church would argue about the Emperor's regard for veracity, as judged by his respect for religion. The Pope would be inclined to say he was no stronger partisan of truth than of Pius practices.

"Well, Patrick, and where did you come from?" "From the Imerald *Ile* region, to be shure."

Miserable People.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing dip, dip at every step. A witness in a bribery case. A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt. A young doctor, who has just cured his first patient, and has no prospect of another. A star actress with her name in small type on a bill.

A Valuable Cat.—A poor Irishman applied to one of the overseers of the poor for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, yer Honor," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since but for my cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat—how so?" "Sure, yer Honor, I sould her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always home before I could get there myself."

The Diet of Worms.—At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked, "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

Unity is Strength.—When dogs attack a flock of sheep the sheep scatter, and thus become an easy prey; but in attacking goats they find it more difficult to accomplish their purpose. The goats form into a ring, the kids in the centre, and the horns of the old bucks presented against the enemy are a strong defense.

"Faix!" said a humorous Irishman the other day in the petroleum diggings, "ye may call Amerikey a continent if ye plaze, but to my thinkin' it's a beautiful oil-land" (island).

Mental Affliction.—Cudgeling one's brain for an idea.

Miscegenation Abroad.—A Vienna journal relates a droll story. A young man, who was paying assiduous court to the wife of a dyer, had the misfortune to be caught by the enraged husband, who called his workmen about him, and, without any ceremony, the gallant was plunged into a caldron prepared for imparting a true blue color to various fabrics. In a second the unfortunate youth had acquired such a tint that he dares not appear in public. His friends implored the dyer to restore the poor fellow to his natural hue, but the pitiless answer was, "It is impossible; he is of a beautiful color, and all I can do for him is to change him to a green or violet."

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, Sir," replied the witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say!"

A lover gazed in the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart, and said, "My looks have planted roses on thy cheek; he who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

Epitaph on a Smoker.—My pipe's out!

A "Dish" in Season.—Irish-*stew*.

Curious Epitaph.—The following will be found at Portsmouth, upon the tombstone of a carpenter, inscribed by his widow:

Here lies Jemmy Little, a carpenter industrious,
A very good-natur'd man, but somewhat blusterous;
When that his little wife his authority withstood,
He took a little stick and banged her as he would.
His wife now left alone her loss does so deplore,
She wishes Jemmy back to bang her a little more;
For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small,
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.

The best kind of Servant for Hotels.—*Inn-experienced*.

Musical Note.—In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

How to Make an Accident.—If you see a horse running away in the street, stand on the side-walk and bawl at him at the top of your voice. If you can get a sufficient number of persons to join you, you have a fair prospect of an exciting accident, particularly if there is any body in the carriage.

Epitaph on a Poulterer.—A gooser!

In some instances ladies who can scarcely lisp out "Yes" when they are married, learn to say "No" pretty glibly afterward.

A contraband, undertaking to find a situation for her daughter in Cincinnati, insisted upon said daughter's being instructed. Upon being requested to indicate what kind of accomplishments she was desirous of having her hopeful daughter possess, she said, "De gal must be larned de piano and painting, any how, and mebbe arter while readin' and writin'."

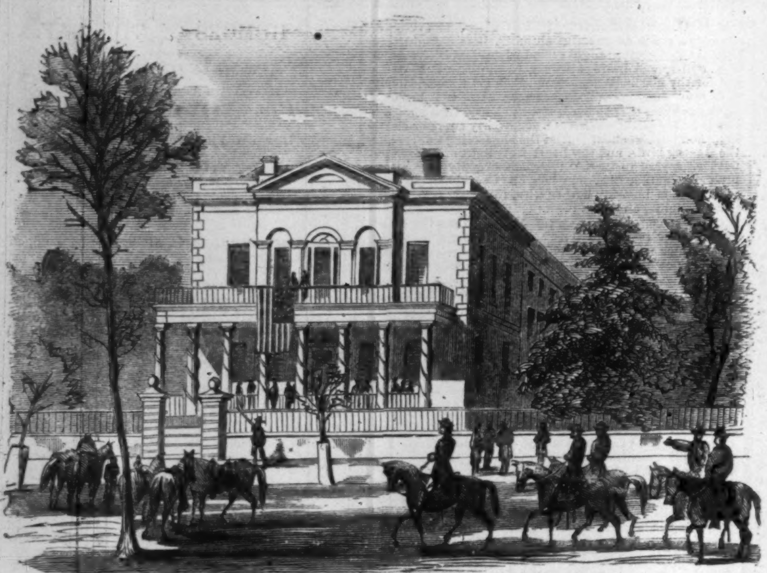
Epitaph on a Plowboy.—Only a clod!

Notice of Motion.—The railway whistle.

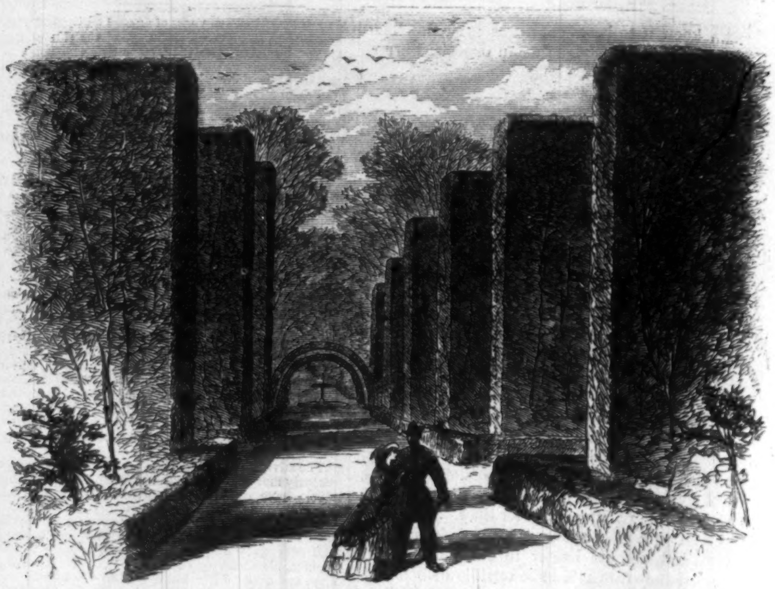
An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh no, my dear!" answered he, "it's safe, *I have got my foot on it!*"

When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

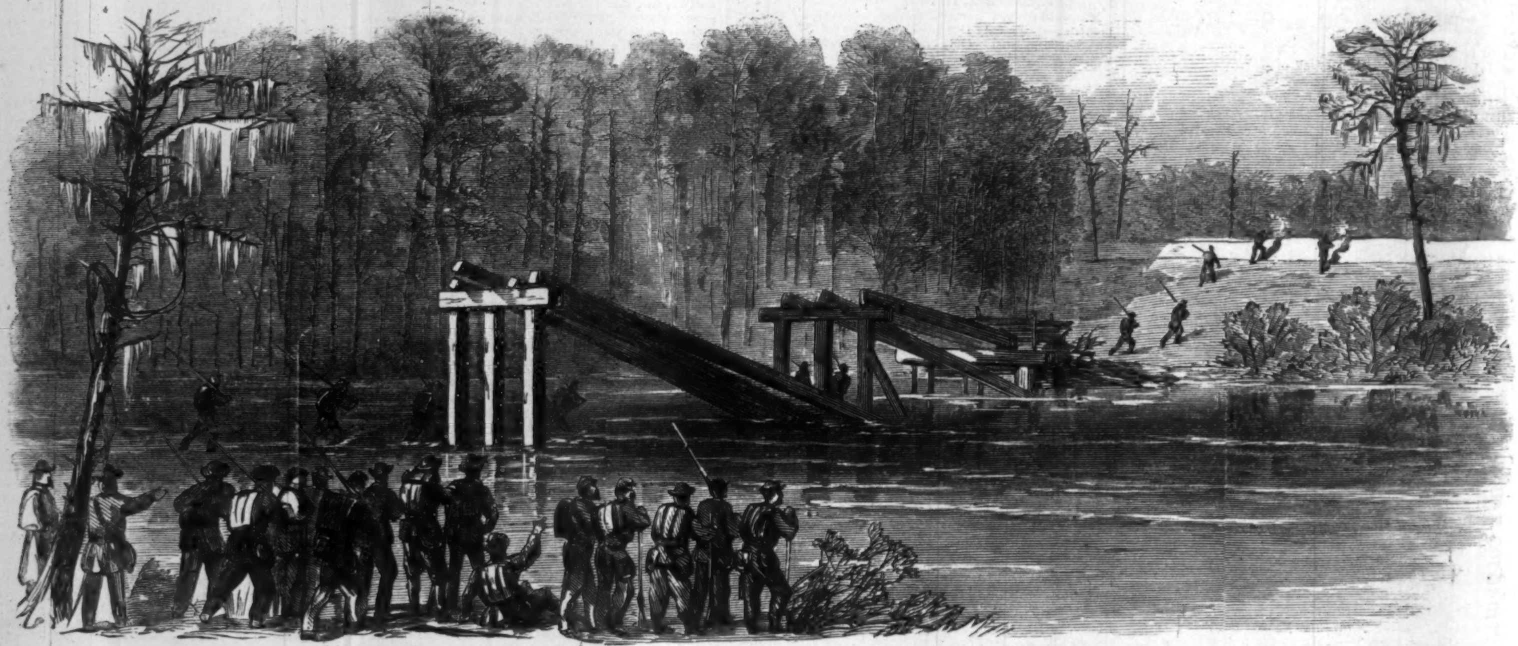
School-Boy's Definition.—*The Better Half.* The shorter.



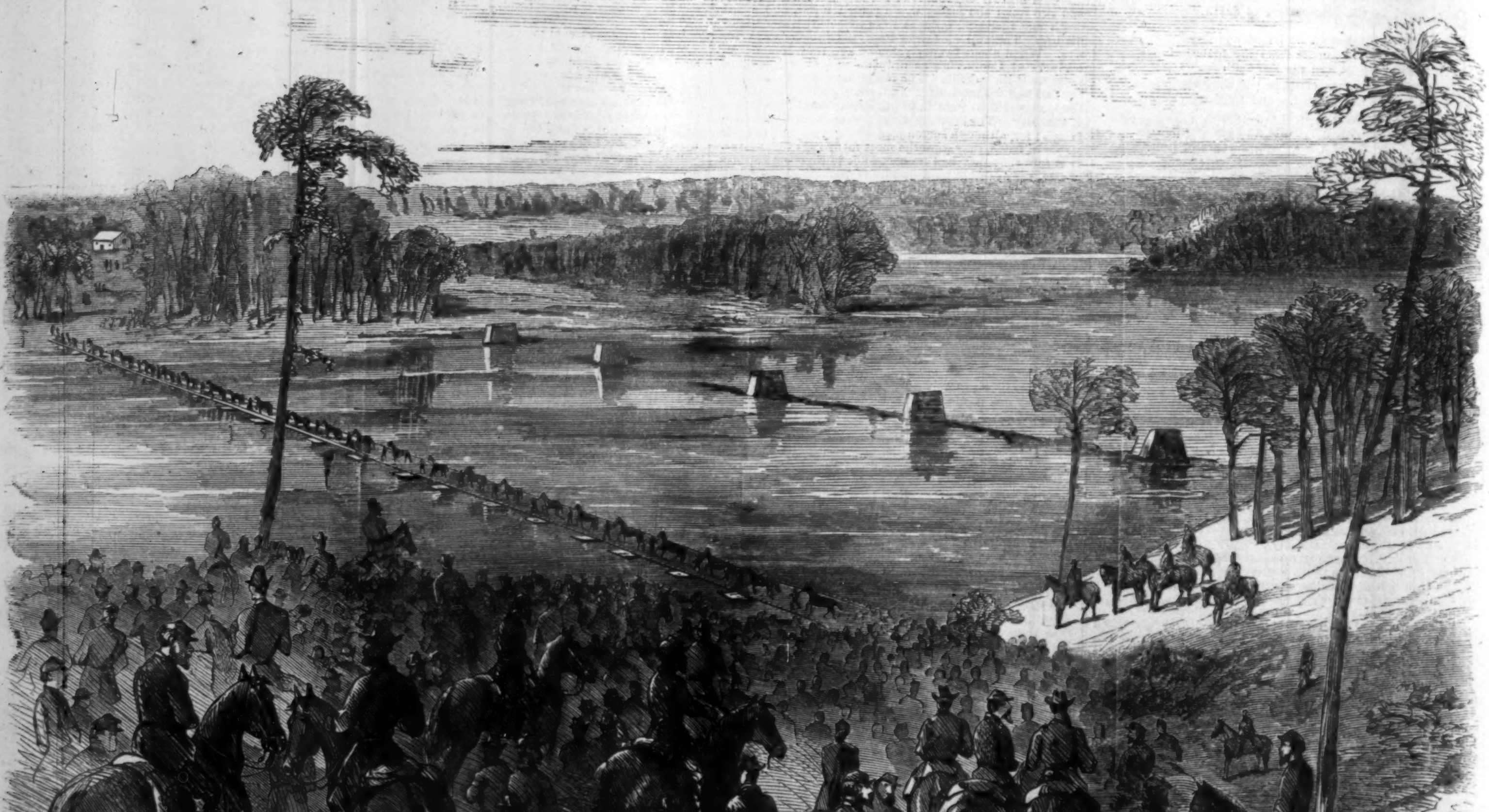
THE REBEL GENERAL WADE HAMPTON'S MANSION IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL LOGAN.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



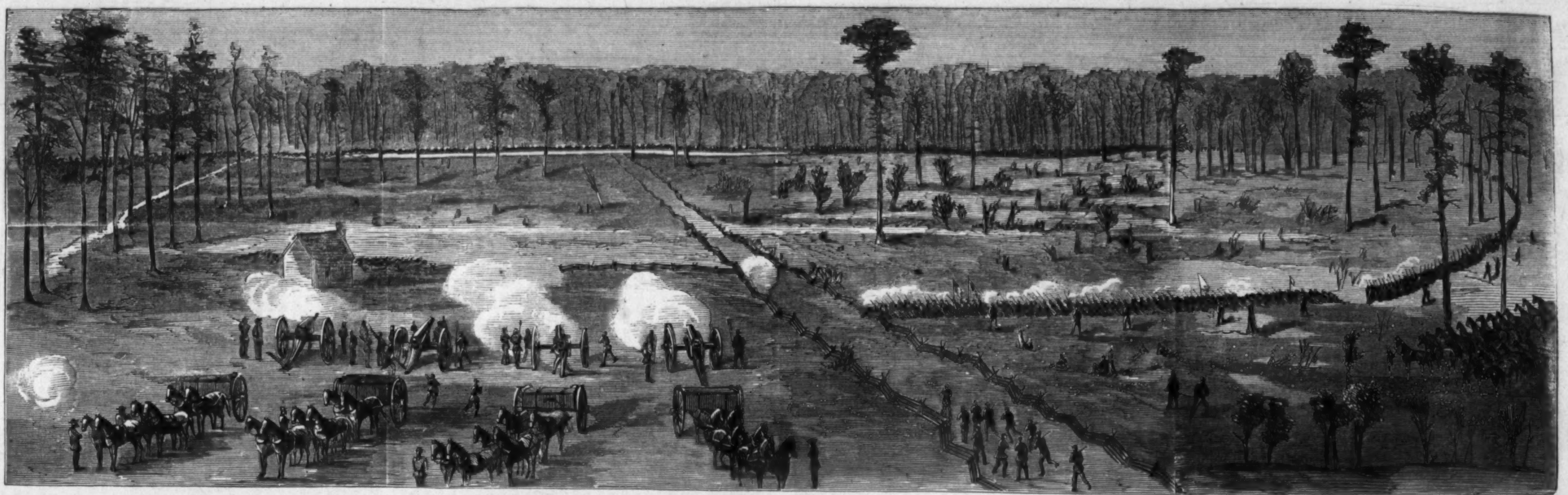
GENERAL WADE HAMPTON'S GARDEN, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA. [SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



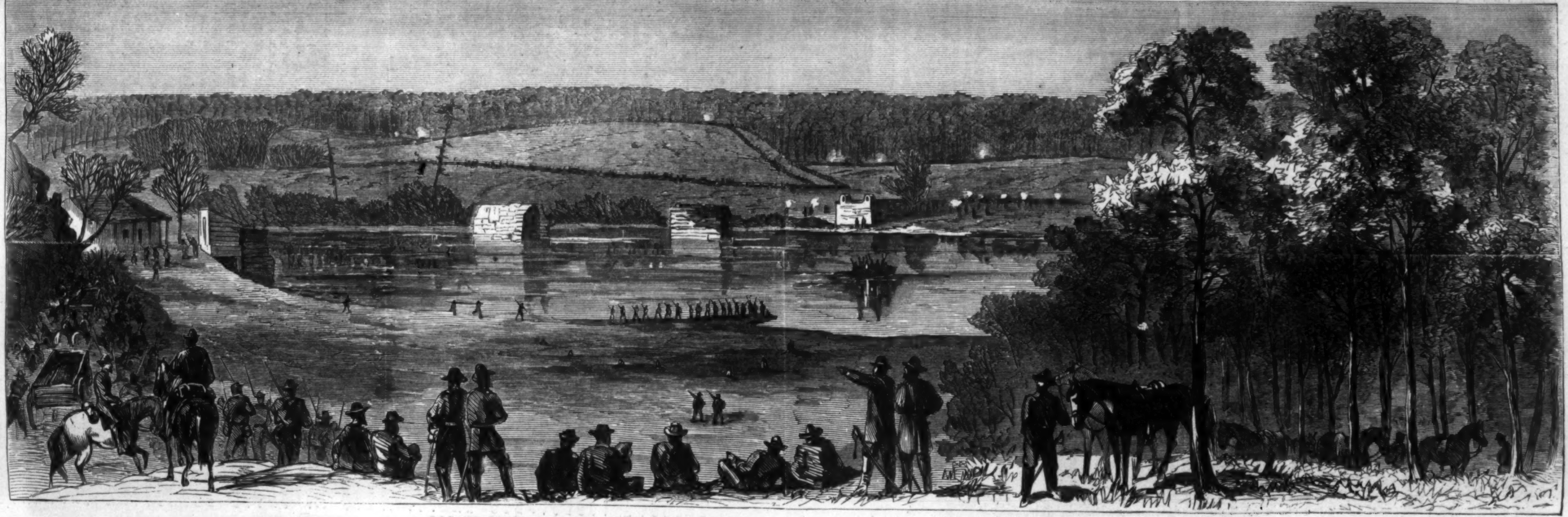
COLONEL WELLS, OF JONES'S BRIGADE, CROSSING THE NORTH EDISTO, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



GENERAL SHERMAN AND STAFF CROSSING BROAD RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



THE BATTLE AT BLACK RIVER, NEAR AVERYSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, March 16, 1865.—[Sketched by W. Waud.]



LOGAN'S CORPS CROSSING THE SALUDA RIVER ABOVE COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by W. Waud.]

## GENERAL GRANT'S VICTORY.

General Lee's attack on Grant's right, south of the Appomattox, on Saturday the 25th of March, was the beginning of a series of battles which have resulted in the capture of Richmond and the abandonment by the rebel army of an intrenched line of works, the strongest, with the single exception of the line of works opposed to them, that were ever held by any army in any war. Though Lee made the first attack, Grant had made the first move. The alternative was clearly forced upon General Lee either to break Grant's lines or to abandon his own. And it would not be long that even this alternative would be left him. On the midnight of Friday, the 24th, he knew that he must make his choice immediately, or he would soon have no choice at all—that to await Grant's combinations against him would be to insure the capture of his army. These combinations were now nearly perfected—but not quite. Sherman had not made his final move, but he was on the point of making it. Thomas and Steadman had not quite come up on his westward and southern lines of retreat—but they were swiftly coming up. Sheridan had not yet, in conjunction with Grant's army, gained a position on the Southside Railroad—but he would directly gain that position. Lee knew that Grant's army was already massed on the left for that very move.

"*At this moment*," thought Lee, "there is a single chance that I may by one move save my king from checkmate—just one move, and that must decide every thing. Grant is comparatively weak on his right, this side of City Point, on the Appomattox, at a point held by the Ninth Army Corps: close up to the river is Fort M'Ilvrey, then comes Steadman, then Haskell. This position at Hare's Hill is strong by nature—so much the better for me if by surprise and with overpowering numbers I can take it. Just beyond it runs Grant's military railroad from City Point, completely commanded by the position. Fortunately, too, this Hare's Hill is just under my very nose—there are not more than two hundred yards between it and my own lines. If then, to-night I can mass a strong force at this point, there is so short a space to be traversed by the assailing columns that the surprise will be quite complete. Grant's different army corps are scattered along a long line from within half a dozen miles of Richmond to Hatcher's Run, and it will be a difficult matter for him to bring up reinforcements in time to be available. Success at the outset is quite certain—success followed up may be fatal to the enemy. And even a partial success, maintained, may disturb Grant's calculations on my right."

In accordance with this plan the attack was made. At the first blush Fort Steadman was taken—but that was all. Even so much could not be maintained. The fort was recaptured by the Ninth Corps, and not less than 1800 prisoners, including forty or fifty officers, and thirteen or fourteen battle-flags were captured at the same time. The attack of the rebels, and the recapture of the fort, and the coming in of the prisoners we have illustrated on pages 232 and 233.

Lee's movement had utterly failed; and instead of disturbing Grant's calculations on Lee's right had given an opportunity for the National troops to advance in that very direction. Immediately General Lee saw that he must leave Richmond and his intrenched camp at Petersburg. That he would now attempt to do this General Grant knew, and hurried up Sheridan, withdrew the greater portion of Ord's army from the north side of the James, and prepared to move the main portion of his army against the Southside Road. This movement found Lee in full strength and before he had actually begun to remove his army from its intrenchments. Thus what Lee intended should be a quiet evacuation was transformed into a disastrous retreat with Grant and Sheridan on his flank and rear. It was absolutely necessary for him to fight.

There was no delay in Grant's movements. Sheridan had scarcely newly shod his horses before he was off on the 29th with a large force of infantry in co-operation. Away past Grant's extreme left rode General Sheridan to Dinwiddie Court House, with the Fifth Corps, under General Warren, on his right. On Friday, the 31st, the Fifth Corps, having gained on the previous day a position on the Boydton Road, advanced against the White Oak Road farther to the west, found the rebels in force on Gravelly Run, and was driven back to the plank road again. Later in the day the ground lost was recovered. The repulse, however, in the forenoon, had given Sneridan no little trouble, and it was only at great sacrifice that he held the field against the enemy. Sheridan's force consisted of two corps under Generals Devin and Custer, Crook's division of cavalry, and a cavalry brigade under General Mackenzie. On Saturday these, with the Fifth Corps, were placed under Sheridan's command. On that day was fought the successful battle of Big Five Forks. The greater part of the day was consumed in driving the divisions of Picket and Bushrod Johnson into their breast-works, and as soon as this had been accomplished, the Fifth Corps came in upon the rebel left, and after a desperate conflict six thousand of the enemy surrendered. Eight thousand muskets were taken, and twenty-eight battle-flags, with several pieces of artillery.

This success exposed Lee's flank on the Appomattox, and at the same time permitted the destruction of the Southside Road. As soon as Grant had intelligence of Sheridan's victory he ordered an advance on his right along the whole line. This was at 9 P.M. on Saturday. Ord and Wright and Parke had, ere an hour, passed the picket-line, and cast themselves *en masse* upon the enemy's lines before Petersburg. The rebel line was carried by assault. On Sunday night the national troops rested in the rebel intrenchments, their line extending from the Appomattox above Petersburg to the same river below. That night Petersburg itself was abandoned. The next morning Grant started in pursuit toward Burkesville. The distance of Burkesville from Richmond is 52 miles.

The news of the capture of Petersburg had scarcely reached the War Department before it was followed by the announcement that, at 8.15 A.M. on Monday morning, General Weitzel had entered Richmond with the troops left on the north side of the James. Thus, after three days of hard fighting, the Confederacy was left without a capital, and its great army was put to flight.

In connection with the events of the past week, the sketch which we give on our first page of General Grant's Head-Quarters at City Point has a peculiar interest.

## SKETCHES FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

We continue this week our illustrations of General Sherman's march through the Carolinas. Not the least interesting of these are those engraved on pages 229 and 237, representing the actions at Averysborough and Bentonsville.

Sherman started from Fayetteville for Goldsborough on the 14th. The successes already gained by General Schofield had made the Neuse River immediately available as a base of operations. The enemy in his front was now stronger than he had been at any other stage of the march. Bragg and Hardee had joined Johnston, to whom had been assigned the conduct of the campaign in North Carolina on the part of the Confederates. It was probable, therefore, that, in the march to the Neuse, Sherman would have to measure his strength against Johnston, and he made his arrangements with a view to that event. The main portion of the army, with the wagon-trains, were dispatched on the road to Goldsborough. Another column, headed by Kilpatrick, and consisting of two divisions of the Twentieth and two of the Fourteenth corps, advanced on the road to Raleigh, the other two divisions of Slocum's command being between this column and Howard. Kilpatrick met the enemy's cavalry about five miles from Fayetteville on the evening of the 15th. His infantry supports coming up, he attacked and drove the enemy from his advanced line, capturing three guns and 200 prisoners. The Confederates fell back to Moore's Cross Roads, near Averysborough, where they held a strong position, between Cape Fear and Black rivers, with a stream in front. On the 16th there was fighting all day, which made such an impression upon the enemy that during the night he abandoned his line. Thus the way was uncovered for the army to advance on Goldsborough. Sherman's loss in the battle of Averysborough was estimated as less than 800; Johnston states his as 450, and extravagantly surmises Sherman's to have been 3300. 327 of the enemy's dead and wounded were left on the field. Among the prisoners captured was Colonel Rhett, son of the prominent South Carolina secessionist.

Another battle was fought near Bentonsville, 12 miles from the Neuse. Here the enemy was found strongly intrenched on the 19th. In an attempt to flank this position a portion of the Twentieth Corps sustained a repulse, taking advantage of which the enemy succeeded in pushing back the whole line. A new line was formed, behind hasty intrenchments. The enemy made five charges against this line, and was each time repulsed. At night he retired, just as at Averysborough. Sherman's loss was less than 2000, while Johnston's is estimated at 3000. On the 20th Sherman attacked with his whole army, and the enemy that night fell back to Smithfield, and Sherman the next day was at Goldsborough, which Schofield had already occupied. Terry's column had also come up from Wilmington. The three armies had formed a junction on the very day appointed by Sherman.

In connection with our illustrations from General Sherman's army we take this opportunity to make amends to our excellent artist, Mr. William Waud, for an error in our last week's issue, in attributing to another artist three of his sketches, viz.: "The Fifteenth Corps crossing the South Edisto;" "Raising the Stars and Stripes over the Capitol at Columbia;" and "The Charge of Weaver's Brigade across the Salkehatchie."

## THE CAMP OF REBEL PRISONERS AT ELMIRA.

The National Government has, since last July, confined a large number of its prisoners of war in an encampment formed at Elmira, in the State of New York, distant 277 miles from New York City, on the Erie Railroad. We give on page 236 a view of this encampment, taken from the "Observatory," lately built upon the public road outside the camp, which is daily visited by a multitude of curious persons, who pay the proprietor of the Observatory at the rate of ten cents a head for permission to have a peep at the formidable captives. The inclosure within which these prisoners are confined is a space of some twenty acres of ground, with a broad river running in the rear, and high walls on every side. Here about 10,000 of the rebel soldiers who have been made prisoners of war are kept in safe custody, lodging in the wooden huts or in the canvas tents shown in our engraving. Sentries are posted all round on the walls, in such a position that they can have a clear view of every thing within the camp, while the movements of the sentries themselves can not be watched by the prisoners. At night the whole place is lighted up with kerosene-oil lamps. A number of spies are employed to mix with the prisoners and inform the Commandant of any plots which they may form to escape. Notwithstanding these precautions, an attempt was made, at the end of November, by about 300 of them, to dig a trench underground, from one of the hospitals to the wall, intending to pass under the wall, and get out beyond. This scheme was, however, detected, and their escape prevented, on the night which they had fixed. The prisoners at Elmira are well fed and clothed, and there is an efficient medical staff to attend to the sick. They amuse themselves with reading and writing, or making toys and other small articles for sale.

## GOD HELP THE POOR.

God help the poor who on this wintry morn
Come forth of alleys dim and courts obscure.
God help the poor pale girl who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure.
God help the outcast lamb! she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her mournful hands are modestly down cast;
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half revealed,
And oh! so cold the snow lies there congealed;
Her feet benumbed, her shoes all rent and worn,
God help thee, outcast lamb, who standst forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! another have I found,
A bow'd and venerable man is he;
His slouchèd hat with faded crape is bound;
His coat is gray, and threadbare, too, I see;
"The rude winds" seem "to mock his hoary hair,"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray,
And looks again as if he fain would spy
Friends he hath feasted in his better day.
Ah, some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn,
God help the poor!

## "IT WILL OUT."

The 16th of October, 1712, a fête-day in the little town of St. Barnabé, near Marseilles, was, moreover, a day of reconciliation in the family of the Sieur de Salis, a retired officer of distinction, inhabiting a handsome villa just beyond the town.

This gentleman's family consisted of seven children, viz.: two daughters (professed nuns) and five sons: Antoine (a lieutenant in the navy), Jean-Baptiste, François-Guillaume, Etienne-Gayetan (in the army), and Louis-César, a lad of thirteen.

M. de Salis, at forty, had married a woman twenty-two years his junior—very beautiful, but of a violent, implacable temper. Their married life had consequently been one series of bitter quarrels and hollow reconciliations. In all these Madame de Salis had never lost sight of one especial object—that of weakening the bonds of duty and affection between the children and their father, and attaching the former exclusively to herself; an aim in which, as will be seen, she had been but too successful.

On the day above-mentioned, M. de Salis had been induced to forgive his second son, Jean-Baptiste, a grave dereliction of duty, in having married, without consent, the pretty penniless daughter of M. Senelon, curate of the parish.

The reconciliation was, however, complete; and the old gentleman had insisted upon his son's remaining to dinner, though engaged to partake of that meal with his father-in-law.

The dinner had passed off with unwonted good humor and cordiality, and Madame de Salis had withdrawn to her own apartment, when François-Guillaume, intending to go to the fête, applied to his father for some money for the purpose. Now it was one of the mother's plans for maintaining her ascendency with the children, to be herself their purse-bearer. Her husband, therefore, unprepared for his son's request, and having, indeed, but little to spare, tendered him a coin of such modest value that the latter conceived himself insulted.

This may seem a trifling cause for anger. In point of fact, it was but the breaking forth of that hidden fire which had never ceased to smoulder in the hearts of all the sons against their unhappy father.

The latter becoming irritated in his turn, words rose higher and higher; others (especially the newly-pardoned Jean-Baptiste) joined in the quarrel; and finally, Madame de Salis, rushing in, and taking the part of her sons, increased their fury tenfold. At length François-Guillaume, not content with vituperating his father, in his maniacal rage drew his sword.

At this last outrage M. de Salis started from his seat, and summoning a Turkish servant—one Hassan-Ali—bade him saddle a horse, loudly declaring his intention to proceed straight to Marseilles and lodge a formal complaint against his unnatural children.

Not reflecting that the parent who threatens most loudly is often the slowest to execute, and completely blinded by passion, Madame de Salis exhorted her sons to oppose their father's exit, assuring them that, should he do as he had threatened, their ruin was inevitable.

The old gentleman persisting, a desperate struggle commenced, the maddened woman actually dragging him back by the hair of his head, while the sons secured his arms and legs. Thus overpowered, he was flung to the ground, and, in falling, received on the forehead a wound so severe as almost to render him unconscious. Rallying a little, the unhappy father appealed in touching terms to his cowardly assailants:

"What have I done to you, boys, that you treat me as though I were your deadly enemy? If you have ceased to obey and honor me as a father, at least remember that we are still united in a common humanity. Look at these gray hairs! Will my own children be my murderers?"

Finding his remonstrances produce no effect, M. de Salis now uttered a loud, lamentable cry; and it was probably in attempting to stifle this that Jean-Baptiste grasped him so tightly by the throat as to reduce him to complete insensibility. In fact, whether or not he died at this instant was never fully known. What is certain is, that the guilty band felt they had now gone too far to recede; and, with clutching, convulsive hands, and—it was said—the sword of François-Guillaume, made their horrible work complete.

During the frightful scene the younger son, Louis-César, had crouched weeping in a corner, longing, but not daring, to succor his father. For a similar reason the Turkish servant had remained inactive. The only other domestic, Susanne Borelli, was absent at the fête.

No sooner was the parricide consummated than dismay succeeded. The actors in this tragedy, disordered, breathless, flecked with blood, stood gaping in each other's white faces, as though they wist not what next to do. The bright autumn sun streamed in full upon the recumbent figure of their victim. They almost recoiled before the mute inquisitor; but as yet there was no voice of vengeance. "Patient, because eternal," says Tertullian.

The instinct of self-preservation soon aroused them to action; and she whose influence had brought about the deed was the first to regain sufficient self-command to take measures for averting its consequences. Aware that the chief danger lay in the chance of some one of the party, in the first horror of what had passed, involuntarily betraying himself and the rest, she assumed a calmness she was far from feeling, and affected to treat the matter in the light of a mere misadventure.

She had the firmness to search her husband's pockets, and take his keys and money. Of the latter she gave a portion to François-Guillaume, desiring him to go, as he had proposed, to the fête; but to return early, and help in "putting things to rights."

She ordered Jean-Baptiste and Hassan-Ali to convey the body to a chamber on the top floor, and bring the key to her.

Her next step was a bold one. She sent Louis-César to the curate, M. Senelon, requesting his attendance; and, on his arrival, quietly informed him that his son-in-law Jean-Baptiste and François-Guillaume had killed their father.

Madame de Salis had judged M. Senelon aright. Horror-stricken as he was, he could not bring himself to denounce the husband of his child. Compelled, therefore, to aid the concealment of that atrocious crime, he suggested that the body should be placed in bed, and that it should be given out that M. de Salis had died of apoplexy.

On learning, however, that the marks of violence were too apparent for this explanation, the curate proposed that the body should be let fall from an upper window into the garden, dressed as it was, and with the finger still retaining the ring of a bird-cage which usually hung outside, and in striving to reach which it might be surmised that M. de Salis had overbalanced himself and fallen. Having, as it were, forced himself to give this advice, the curate turned to withdraw; but passing on the threshold, spoke a parting word:

"Though I have consented—against my conscience and my duty—to aid in the present concealment of this unnatural and horrible deed, be sure that no human craft or caution will secure your permanent safety. Prepare yourselves, by your future lives, for the inevitable judgment, even of man. Preserve your secret with what fidelity you may, mark my warning—*it will out!*"

Now was seen a curious feature of humanity. Jean-Baptiste, who had been foremost in the murderous assault, trembled from head to foot at the very thought of the fresh indignity he was called on to inflict upon the senseless corpse. He at first positively refused to lay a finger on the body; and it required all his mother's influence to overcome his repugnance. As it was, he was seized with a deadly sickness in the act; and the dishonored frame that fell prone among the crushed flowers was hardly more livid and corpse-like than he who dropped it there. As for Madame de Salis, who had by this time regained all her natural self-possession, she neglected nothing that might further the deceit. She threw her husband's hat into the garden; and then going down to her hen-house, killed some fowls, and sprinkled the blood about the prostrate body.

In a few minutes shrieks and cries warned the neighbors that something had happened at the house of De Salis; and these, rushing in, found the family in the act of lifting up the body from the earth. It was placed upon the nearest couch, amidst tears and plaints; and every means for restoring animation resorted to with well-acted assiduity. These exhausted, Madame de Salis gave herself up to the wildest grief, tearing her hair, and exhibiting every token of despair; the rest, each according to his several gift, imitating as best they might.

A magistrate now arrived, and, attended by two surgeons, examined the body. Not the slightest suspicion of foul play visited their minds. The medical men reported that M. de Salis had died from injuries received in an accidental fall; and the bereaved family were quickly left to the free indulgence of their sorrow.

This satisfactory proceeding removed a great source of anxiety. The whole party, excepting the young Louis-César, assembled at supper with renewed courage, the mother assuring them that, were they but true to themselves, their future life would be far happier and more peaceful than hitherto.

Matters did go on for some months with a tranquillity hitherto foreign enough to that unhappy home, when a little cloud made its appearance above their horizon. M. de Salis had possessed but slender means beyond the provision he received from government. The family soon began to feel the pressure of poverty; and, finding their resources all but exhausted, the sons—with the exception of Antoine, already provided for—wrote a joint letter to their uncle, the Count de Salis, describing in touching terms their destitute position, and entreating his influence to ameliorate it. In answer to their application, the count conferred on the family a pension of six hundred livres a year.

In this interval, certain suspicions having arisen in the minds of the two absent sons, Antoine the sailor and Etienne-Gayetan the soldier, these two arranged a joint visit to their home; and, taking their youngest brother apart, subjected the lad to so close and searching an examination, that he ended by divulging the horrible secret, and describing minutely the tragedy of which he had been a witness. There followed a family consultation, in which fresh pledges for the concealment of the secret were exchanged; and these would probably have been observed had not the allowance granted by the count proved a source of fatal division. Madame de Salis insisted that this money should be paid over to her, as most competent to use it for the general benefit. To this her sons, who had ceased to treat her with their wonted deference, demurred; and the party separated, Madame de Salis repairing to Aix, Guillaume-François and Etienne-Gayetan remaining at St. Barnabé, Jean-Baptiste and Louis-César taking up their residence at Marseilles.

It was not without opposition from Jean-Baptiste that Etienne-Gayetan took possession of the paternal mansion, etc. The latter's object, however, had not been a selfish one. He was a good economist, and believed himself capable of developing the resources of the little property for the advantage of all. An angry correspondence followed between the brothers, and arrived at such a point that Etienne-Gayetan was induced to remind his elder that not only the latter's fortunes, but his life, were at the mercy of the man he vilified. Jean-Baptiste was of violent and headstrong disposition. The threat only enraged him the more. Whether he was transported beyond himself, or whether he secretly believed that his brother would never take the step at which he darkly hinted, at all events he replied with disdain and defiance. Thereupon Etienne-Gayetan seized his pen, and, with pulses still throbbing, wrote to an old comrade of his father's—the Marquis de Montolieu—a precise detail of the frightful transaction.

Scarcely had the marquis read and reflected on this startling communication when a visitor was announced—Louis-César. What precisely passed at this interview never appeared. It ended, however, in the lad's dismissal, carrying with him the letter, and a verbal caution to Jean-Baptiste, which the marquis probably believed would suffice to induce the accused either to stand forward and clear himself, or to rid the country of his presence.

Jean-Baptiste resolved to attempt the former. In great alarm he wrote hastily to the marquis, and, with much ingenuity and no small eloquence, cast the whole guilt of the murder upon his mother and his brother Guillaume-François. Here were already two traitors to the guilty compact. Another quickly succeeded.

Madame de Salis, made aware of the quarrels among her sons and the threats of Etienne-Gayetan, became extremely uneasy. She lost sleep and appetite. Her mind perpetually recalled the scene of murder with sensations of horror and dread such as had not accompanied even the act itself. A consciousness of impending vengeance associated itself with every idea that crossed her mind, with every habitual movement of the day, with every nightly vision. At length, in despair of other means of saving herself, she wrote to the Count de Salis, her brother-in-law, revealing the bloody deed in all its atrocity, but laying it to the charge of Jean-Baptiste alone.

The horror with which her correspondent received this information may be conceived. It was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to make any reply. When he did so, it was conceived in the following terms:

"I forward to you, my dear sister, a letter which has been addressed to me under your seal. It is probably from some enemy, who has copied your handwriting so skillfully that one might almost swear it was your own. Destroy it forthwith, and be careful to give no ground for attacks of such a character from any one whomsoever. I shall write to my brother's old friend, the Marquis de Montolieu, recommending my nephews to his care, in the hope that he may be able to reconcile their differences, and recall them to their filial duty."

Meanwhile the letter of Jean-Baptiste to M. de Montolieu had thrown the latter into the greatest consternation. Of the murder he entertained not the slightest doubt. The question which perpetually suggested itself to his conscience was, whether, or for how long, he should suffer the actors in a crime of such atrocity to pollute society with their presence. After much consideration he resolved to confide the matter to an intimate friend, the Marquis de Cavoy; and, accordingly, to him he transmitted the whole fatal history, intimating, at the same time, his determination to isolate the guilty family from society.

The Marquis de Cavoy immediately communicated with the Count de Salis, proposing to use their united influence to obtain a decree of banishment. But to this the count objected that his object—that of keeping the matter quiet—would be defeated, as the king would infallibly inquire the grounds of the application for the *lettre de cachet*, and, on learning them, would, with equal certainty, deliver the criminals into the hands of justice. He promised, however, to write a soothing letter to M. de Montolieu, and also to restore peace in the divided family.

Up to this moment, it will be seen, the prudence and sagacity of the Count de Salis had averted the danger that had been caused by the imprudence of Madame de Salis and her sons. But divine justice had decreed the revelation of the crime, and brought about this result in an unexpected manner.

The Count de Salis, before permitting his friend the Marquis de Cavoy to depart, had exacted from him a promise to destroy the letter of M. de Montolieu, which he had left in his cabinet. On returning home the marquis, mindful of his promise, took out the letter and placed it in his pocket, intending to burn it in a brasier in the hall. As he entered that apartment, a servant announced a messenger from the minister of justice, M. de Pontchartrain, who desired to see him instantly on a political matter of importance, on which they had already several times conferred.

De Cavoy hastened to the minister's residence, and a discussion, which drove the business of the morning entirely from his mind, ended in M. de Pontchartrain requesting his friend to leave with him all the papers connected with the subject of their consultation, and to visit him again on the following day.

An hour later, as the statesman still sat in meditation, the documents before him, a strange expression in one of them chanced to catch his eye—"*atrocious murder*." He took up the paper and read it from beginning to end. It was the letter of the Marquis de Montolieu!

It at once occurred to the astute minister that his friend had purposely chosen this manner of bringing the affair to his knowledge, with the view of avoiding the painful duty of coming forward as actual informer. In any case, however, M. de Pontchartrain felt that there was but one course open to him; and this he at once adopted. Going straight to the palace, he laid the matter before the king. The latter, struck with horror, directed that the parties should be immediately arrested, and that M. Lebret, president of Provence, and M. Lagarde, procureur-general, should take measures for bringing them to condign punishment.

Early on the succeeding day M. de Cavoy, having discovered the loss of his letter, made his appearance in some disorder at the minister's house, and desired leave to examine the documents he had left. M. de Pontchartrain at once informed him of what had been done, mentioning at the same time the impression he had conceived that such a proceeding would be in accordance with his visitor's wishes, since it was not to be supposed that he (the latter) would knowingly cast a veil over so horrible a crime. M. de Cavoy retired without reply.

It so happened that M. Lagarde was supping at the house of M. le Bret when the missive conveying the king's commands was delivered to the latter. Both these gentlemen had been personally acquainted with M. de Salis and his family; both were alike thunder-struck at the startling intelligence.

M. Lagarde avowed his entire disbelief. That Madame de Salis was possessed of a warm temper, had been pretty generally known; but that this lady, and her orderly and seemingly dutiful children, should have been guilty of such a diabolical crime, appeared positively incredible.

His host agreed with him. It was now eight months since this supposed murder. The magistrates had attended at the time; the surgeons had made their report. Such charges were not unprecedented, as the work of secret slanderers who had a grudge against some unfortunate family.

But on M. Lagarde's arriving at his own house, he found a communication awaiting him from M. de Pontchartrain, in which the crime, with all its details, was fully set forth. He was enjoined to lose not a moment in securing the murderers; and accordingly issued the necessary directions, in pursuance of which lieutenant of police Bonnet, with an escort of archers, proceeded to St. Barnabé, and, quietly surrounding the house, arrested the two sons, Guillaume-François and Etienne-Gayetan, in their beds.

Finding that Jean-Baptiste and Louis-César were still at Marseilles Bonnet induced his prisoners to write to their brothers, proposing a general family council, for the arrangement of their affairs; and that they should, for that purpose, come on the morrow to St. Barnabé.

Bonnêt himself, attended by three archers in disguise, was the bearer of this missive, and, on reaching the residence of the brothers, met Jean-Baptiste in the act of going out. The latter perused the note with an air of doubt and perplexity, and, after a minute's hesitation, returned a verbal answer, to the effect that if his brothers desired a conference they had better come to *him* at Marseilles. Thereupon Bonnet placed both brothers in the custody of his archers.

But a few hours elapsed before the indefatigable lieutenant made his appearance in the apartment of Madame de Salis, at the house of her friend, M. Aillaud, of Aix. On learning his errand the unhappy woman fell into a paroxysm of grief and terror. She clung to a pillar, crying out that she would not quit the house without a promise that she should have an interview with the procureur-general. The latter was appealed to, and acceded to her wish; but the interview, at which several persons were present, led, as might be expected, to no result beneficial to the prisoner; and she was then lodged in the prison at Marseilles, within whose gloomy walls she encountered her four sons.

The king now reiterated his commands that the process should be commenced without a day's delay. But, in the brief interval that necessarily ensued, no care had been taken to separate the accused from each other. In consequence, they had concerted a line of defense which threatened, at the first interrogation, if adhered to, to defeat the ends of justice.

The first important witness was the Turk, Hassan-Ali, who deposed that the death of his master was occasioned by a fall from the window while feeding a pet bull-finch.

This dreaded witness having thus delivered himself, a zealous friend of the accused hastened to smuggle him away into a place of concealment. Something, however, in the man's demeanor had awakened suspicion in the mind of the experienced procureur-general. He sharply censured the lieutenant for not having included this witness among his prisoners.

The lieutenant replied that, the minister of justice having limited his instructions to the arrest of the mother and sons—while aware of the presence at the death-scene of Hassan-Ali—he, Bonnet, had naturally concluded that there was a certain object in thus leaving the man at liberty. The matter was quickly settled through the imprudence of the Turk himself, who, venturing from his retreat, was rearrested, and lodged in jail.

In the mean time the second witness, Susanne Borelli, had undergone examination, but had revealed nothing of importance. It was manifestly on Hassan-Ali that the prosecution would be compelled to rely. To extort the truth from him all legal means were speedily put in action. He passed through two protracted interrogatories without approaching a jot nearer to the truth. It was then resolved to place him in a dungeon, upon bread-and-water; and the effect of this system was soon apparent.

Hassan-Ali purchased an improved state of things by denouncing Guillaume-François as the parricide, and faintly implicating Jean-Baptiste. These two were consequently placed in separate cells. But here the matter seemed to rest. So long as both were silent the testimony of Hassan-Ali was innocuous.

Five months elapsed, when the Turk suddenly requested leave to amend his former statement; and now exonerated Madame de Salis and Guillaume-François, declaring that Jean-Baptiste alone was guilty.

In addition to this testimony, other parties came forward to declare that Madame de Salis had expressed her intention to practice upon her husband with some slow poison that should at least confine him to his bed, and thus leave her the sole direction of the household.

This was confirmed by Jean-Baptiste, who acknowledged that his mother had on several occasions sent him to purchase the drugs—which, however, the chemist had refused to furnish.

Finding the tide set so strongly against her—and inspired, above all, with resentment against Jean-Baptiste—Madame de Salis now resolved to take her turn at confession, and accordingly denounced the former as the sole assassin. She declared that her only reason for reserve had been a natural reluctance to betray her son to the scaffold; but that, since Hassan-Ali had evidently been tampered with on his behalf, and been prevailed on to inculpate herself and Guillaume-François, she now resolved to declare the truth.

Invited to reconcile this statement with her letter to M. de Montolieu, she denied the inferences attempted to be drawn from the latter—and (for M. de Montolieu had died in the interval) this point was abandoned.

The mother and son were now confronted. The latter uttered no reproach; he listened in silence to her deposition; then addressed her in a low, quiet tone, as follows:

"Can you in your conscience, mother, persist in a statement that casts upon *me*—the least guilty—the whole burden of such a crime? Was it not Guillaume-François who drew his sword upon my father? Did not you yourself, at the first commencement of the quarrel, rush from your apartment, seize our victim by the hair, and, when he was flung to the ground, assist in trying to strangle him? Was it not Guillaume-François who struck him on the temple with the sword, while I in vain strove to stanch the flowing blood?"

His mother hung her head without reply; and now the other two brothers, Guillaume-François and Louis-César (the guilty and the innocent), added their testimony, the general effect of which was to exonerate their mother, and to lay the crime on Jean-Baptiste.

The process, which had lasted nearly twelve months, at length terminated with the following decree:

"Jean-Baptiste—guilty of murder and parricide, condemned to have both hands cut off; his arms, legs, thighs, and body to be bruised and broken; afterward to be fixed upon the wheel, there to linger so long as God shall please; after which, his body to be burned and scattered to the winds. A fine of ten livres to the king.

"Guillaume-François, the same, sparing one hand.

"Louis-César—guilty of not interposing—condemned to be present at the execution of his brothers; then to perpetual banishment.

"Madame de Salis—for aiding in the murder—sentenced to decapitation.

"Hassan-Ali—for failing to assist his master—to stand for two hours in the pillory.

"Etienne-Gayetan and Susanne Borelli, acquitted."

An appeal having been subsequently made against the sentence, the whole of the prisoners were conveyed to Aix, where the mother was lodged in a chamber of the Conciergerie, and the brothers, Jean-Baptiste and Guillaume-François, in separate cells.

The case had by this time created an extraordinary sensation; and when at length the judgment on appeal was delivered, the greatest anxiety was evinced by all ranks to obtain a place of hearing. The imposing hall of the Palais de Justice was crowded with persons of the highest distinction, not a few of whom were connected by family ties with the accused. The decree confirmed, with some slight modifications, the former sentence.

It was expected that Madame de Salis would have fallen into a transport of passion and despair; on the contrary, she bowed her head submissively, only murmuring,

"*On ne me rend pas justice*" ("They do not do me justice").

Justice, that is, to her crime; for it appeared that her conscience was now fully awakened, and that she desired only to make what atonement was possible to God and man.

The condemned persons met in an adjoining apartment. They were to see each other but once again—on the scaffold. At six o'clock they were to die.

Jean-Baptiste, holding up his heavy chains with both hands, knelt at his mother's feet, and entreated pardon for the testimony he had been compelled to give.

Madame de Salis knelt likewise, embraced her son, and assured him of her complete forgiveness. Then, addressing her children generally:

"They are about," she said, "to separate these mortal frames; but our souls, let us humbly trust, shall be reunited in heaven. Thank we God, who has brought us to this just and merciful condemnation. Think no more of the life we quit, but of that to which we hasten; and follow me, my children. *I* led you to this guilt; *I* will precede you to its punishment."

There followed a brief dialogue between Jean-Baptiste and François-Guillaume. The latter had preserved a somewhat sullen demeanor, and was disposed to deny his full participation in the murder.

"You will forgive me, brother," said the elder, "for having confessed the truth?"

"You have not always kept to the truth."

"You are right as to the first interrogatory, but not the latter," was the reply; "and you yourself, François, have done as much."

"Well, that is true; and I—I wish—"

And François, melting, threw himself into his brother's arms.

"For my part," continued the latter, "I never truly believed that Heaven would suffer such an act to go unpunished. I never passed the place of execution at Aix without repeating to myself, '*There* I must end my life; it is but a question of days.' There is but one thing that troubles me: the punishment is not equal to the crime. They will but burn my corpse. They should rather give my body living to the flame."

A Capuchin informed the speaker that he would not be left to linger on the wheel. They would accord him the pardon-stroke.

"Still further mitigation!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Do they think I can not bear all that my guilt deserves? I ought to linger, not for one, but many days—ay, many weeks. They should tear from me each day some fragment of this guilty frame. It is my desire to breathe my last sigh in the midst of the worst pangs justice can inflict."

The wretched family engaged separately in devotional exercises for the intervening hours. At six o'clock the executioners entered the prison. Madame de Salis was the first to appear. She shed tears, but was otherwise calm and self-possessed. She frequently pressed her lips to the crucifix she carried, murmuring,

"Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, defend us from the assaults of the enemy of souls!"

François-Guillaume followed. He stretched out his arms to the assistants.

"Bind these impious hands," he said, "stained with a parent's blood. They should not only be bound, but burned in a slow fire."

Madame de Salis then knelt before the altar, and uttered a prayer that touched the hearts of all:

"My God, I offer Thee my spirit, my heart, my soul, my body: my spirit, because it dwells only upon Thee; my heart, because it loves but Thee; my soul, because it pants for Thy presence; my body, that it may be offered in fitting expiation of my crime. I offer Thee this head, about to fall; and would that I had ten thousand, that I might give them all!"

The condemned exchanged a last embrace, and the procession was then formed; the two sons being placed together in one cart, their mother following, supported by the Turk, Hassan-Ali, in another. An immense multitude lined the way; and although a strong body of archers escorted the procession, it had frequently to halt while room was made to pass.

Arrived opposite the church of St. Sauveur, the carts drew up before the door, in order that the usual *amende honorable* might be made. But the criminals were not required to descend. The reverend director of the Capuchins performed this humble function in their name, entreating pardon of God, the king, and the law.

The cart which bore the two brothers being the first to reach the scaffold, they were assisted to mount the steps; and the crowd, ever awake to the minutest circumstances that mark these solemn moments, did not fail to note, as a coincidence, perhaps intended by divine justice, that Guillaume-François, who had been the first to commence the fatal quarrel, was the first to set foot on the platform.

Seeing her sons ascending before her, Madame de Salis became much agitated, declaring that the authorities had broken faith with her, having promised that she should be the first to die.

Her confessor assured her it was merely a proceeding rendered necessary by the relative position of the vehicles, and pointed out to her the executioner, hastening to assist her to ascend. In another minute she was standing on the scaffold, with a serene, contented look; and turning to the people, besought, in low, humble tones, their prayers for herself and her children.

Turning to the executioner, she said, "My friend, I do not fear death; but lest, in its agony, my woman's nature should prove too weak, I pray you not to put me to any needless pain."

The executioner took off a black scarf she had hitherto worn on her head, and tied it over her eyes. She then moved in the direction of the block, and feeling for it, knelt and laid her head quietly down. The headsman approached his broad blade close to the slender white neck—raised it aloft—struck. The head dropped forward; but though the victim was dead, it needed the application of a knife to complete the decapitation. Head and body were placed together in a coffin, and Guillaume-François was the next summoned.

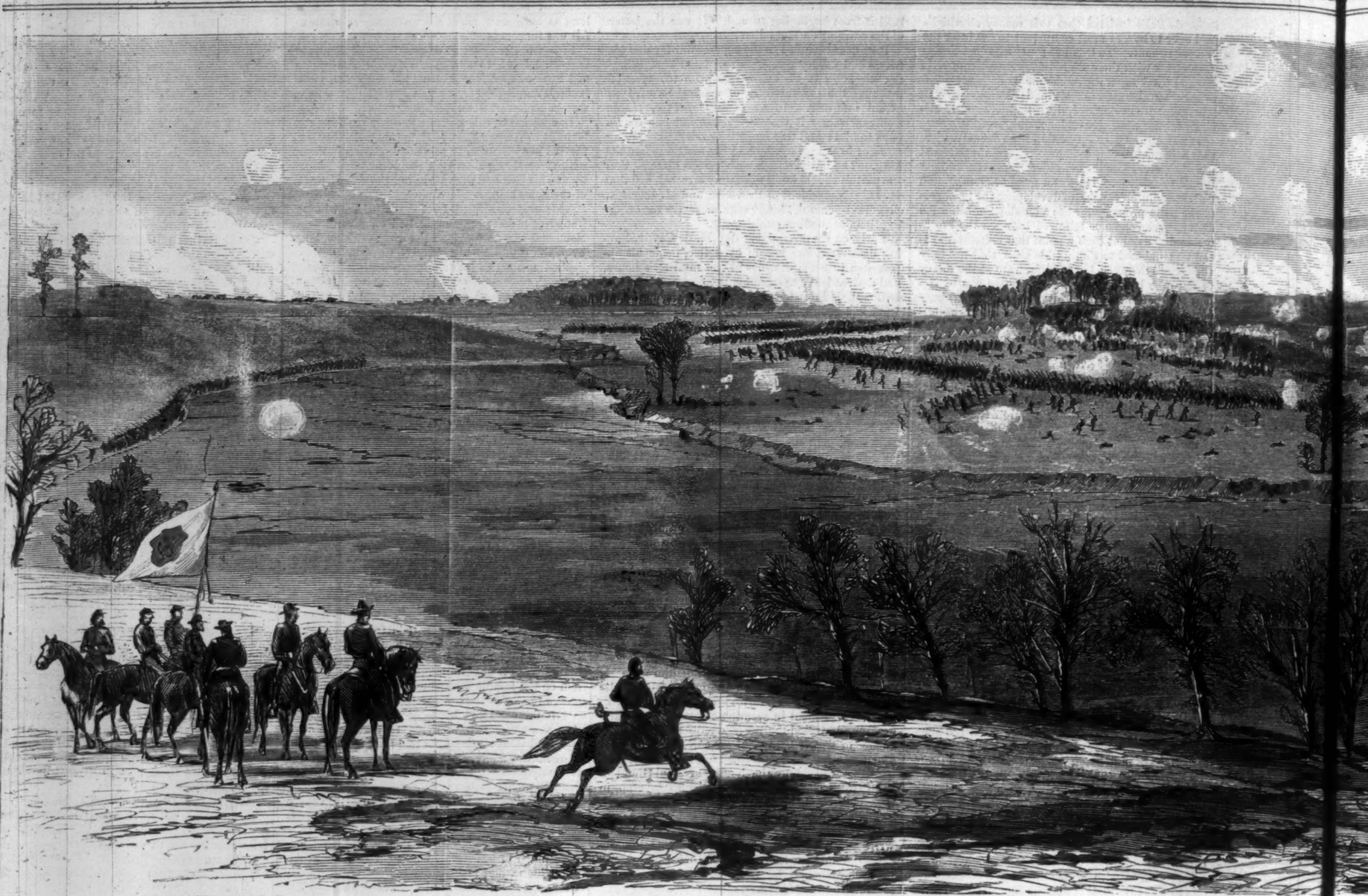
He had heard the fatal blow, although from intervening objects he had not been able to witness it, and was told that all was over. He desired to see the body. The confessor, fearing the sight would unman him, objected; but the young man persisting, he was conducted to the side of the coffin. With one deep sigh he turned away and strode to the block, laying his right hand upon it.

"This," he said, "is my first expiation—this impious hand. Take it quickly."

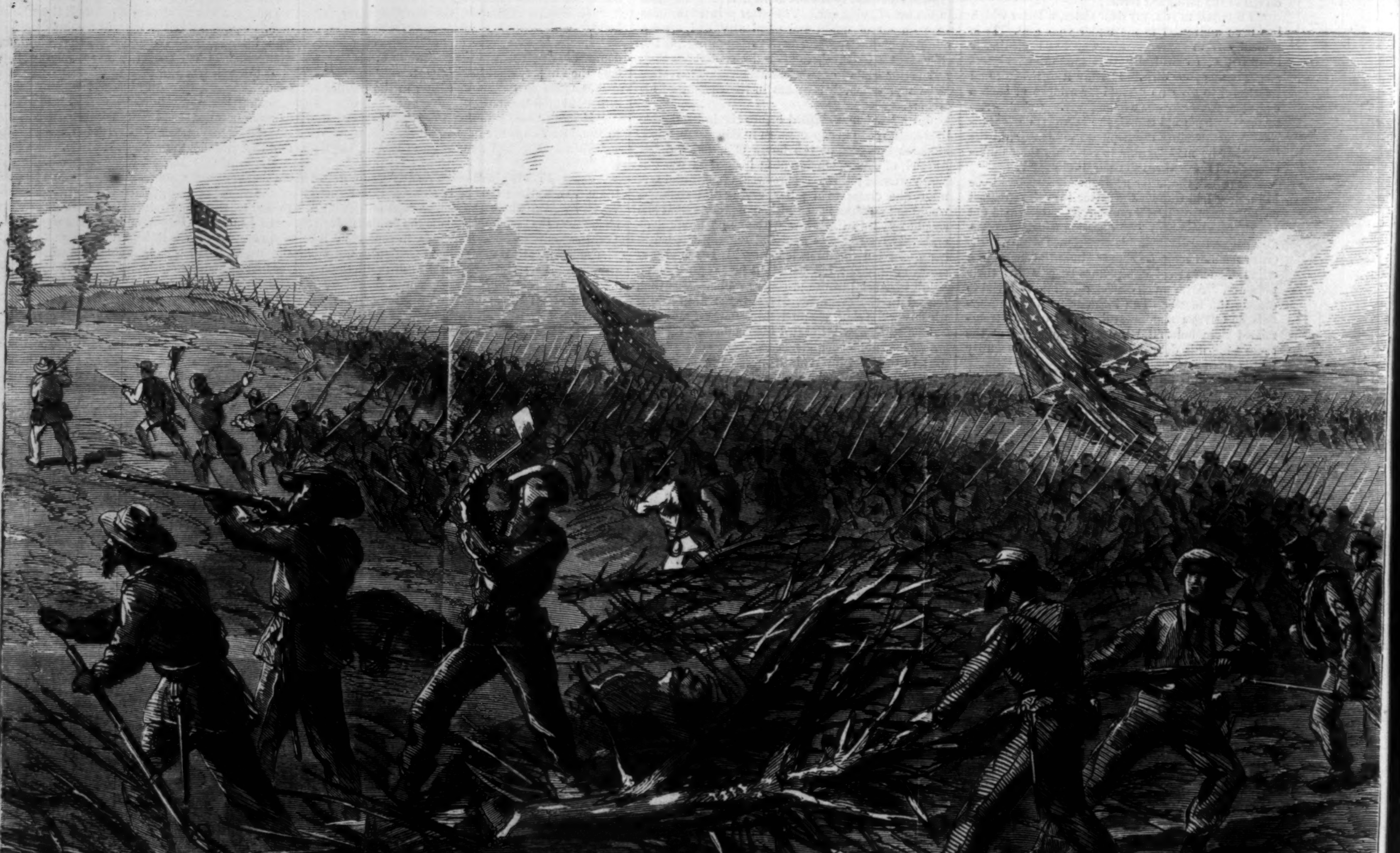
The executioner struck, but so unskillfully, that the blow was not wholly effectual; and in the sudden anguish the young man uttered a loud cry. A second blow divided the quivering muscles; then Guillaume-François laid down his head. The same want of skill caused the headsman again to fail in doing his office at one blow; for though he struck with such force that the criminal was slain and the block itself overturned, it needed a second stroke to make the work complete.

Jean-Baptiste came forward with firm step and unchanged mien. The block had been removed, and a huge and heavy cross substituted. To this, his upper garments having been removed, the prisoner was now firmly bound; this done, his hands were struck off, one after the other; then the brawny headsman, seizing a ponderous iron bar, broke in succession his legs and thighs, and finally dealt him three several blows, on the stomach, chest, and throat. This last was the "pardon-stroke," instantly mortal.

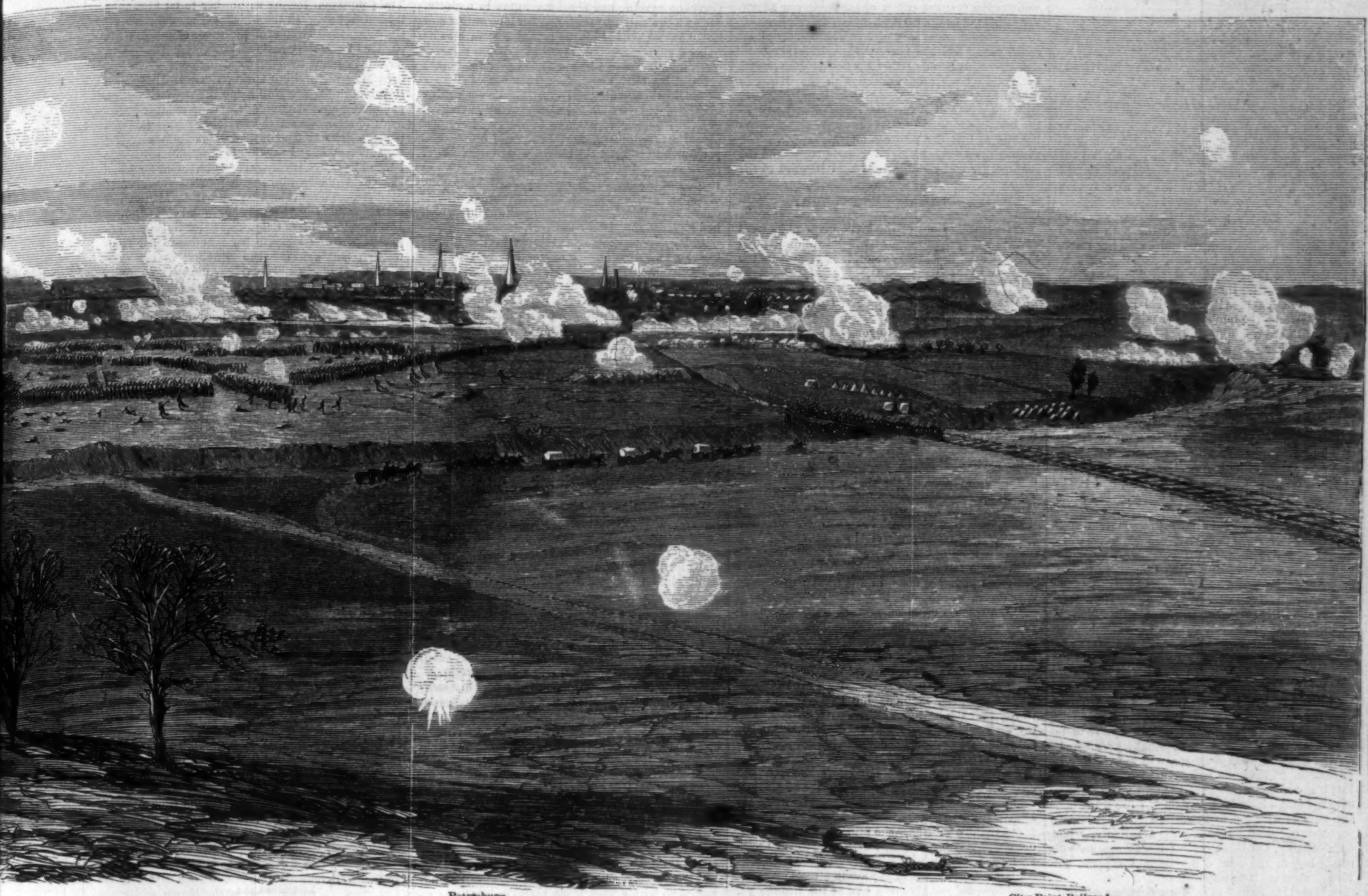
Thus came this murder "out."


General Wilcox and Staff.
Fort Steadman.

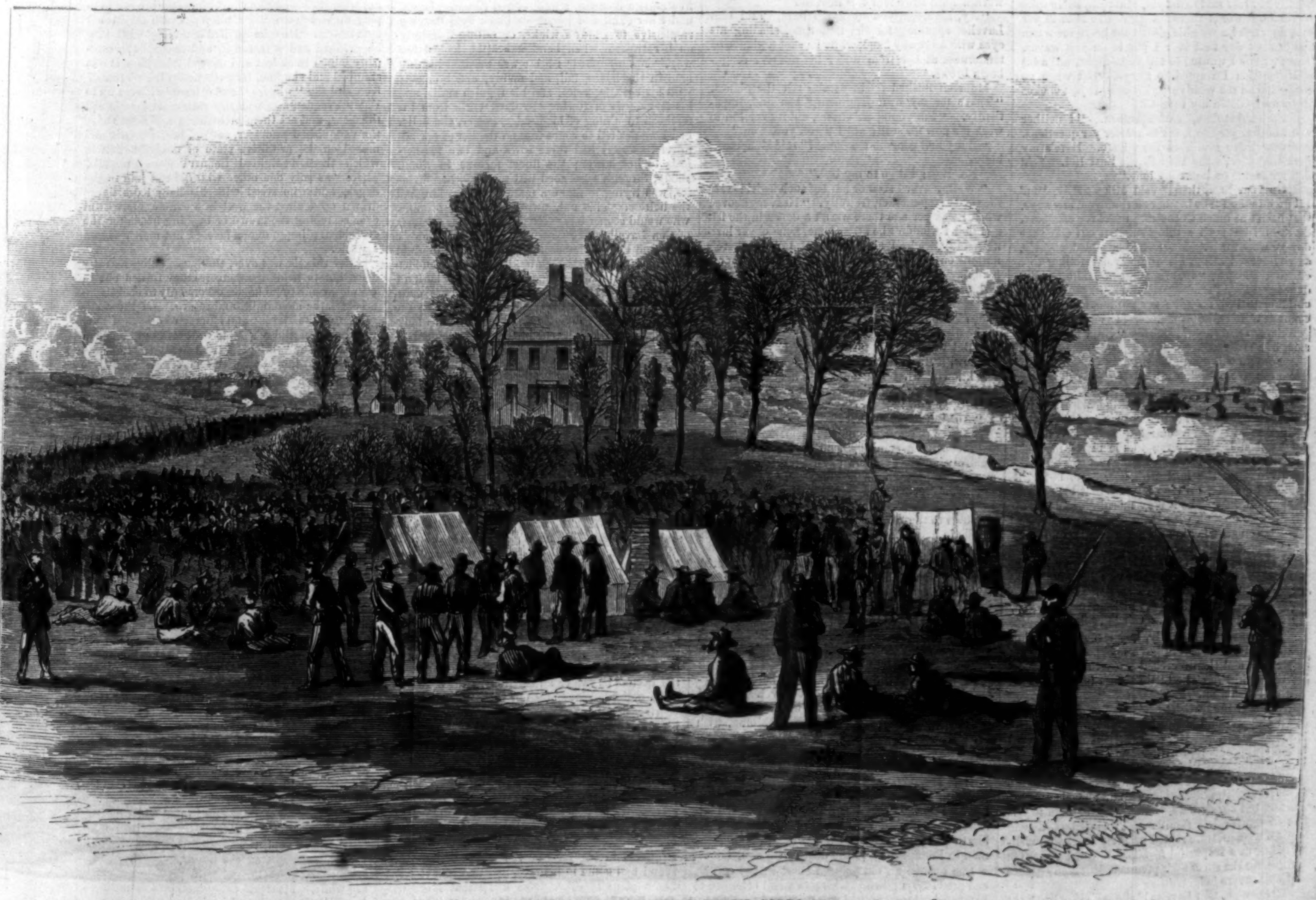
THE FINAL CHARGE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS AND RECAPTUR OF



THE REBEL ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN, MARCH 25, 1865.


Petersburg.
City Point Railroad.

OF FORT STEADMAN, MARCH 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW MᶜCALLUM.]



REBEL PRISONERS COMING IN TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, NINTH CORPS, MARCH 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW MᶜCALLUM.]

# MAUREEN LACEY.

## I.

Maureen's long day's work in the open air was almost over, and she stood knee-deep in the heather, binding her bundle of broom with a rope of straw. Round and round about her swept the sad, barren island, very sad and very barren at such a season, and such an hour.

The girl had a good walk before her. Swinging her burden on her shoulders, she set out at a brisk pace. There was not a sound in the air but the screaming of some sea-mews round a pool, or now and then a whirring noise of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead.

Presently a more homely sound stole over the air. Some one was whistling on the path behind Maureen. Hearing this, she quickened her steps, with a sudden heat in her face, and tightness of breath. But the following foot came surely on. Its pace was swifter than hers.

"Save ye, Maureen!" said a genial voice beside her. "Give us the bun'le. Yer fair broke in two halves with the weight of it."

This speaker was a stalwart young fisherman, with as much eagerness in his bronzed kindling face as there had been haste in his pursuing step. Maureen stopped short, and looked at him with a proud troubled directness in her eyes.

"What for should I give you my bun'le, Mike, Tiernay?" she said, sternly. "You just carry yer own bun'les, and I'll carry mine. That's the safest that I can see betune us two."

She gave her burden a resolute jerk, and began plodding on more steadily than before. But Mike kept by her side.

"It's always the hard word with you, Maureen," he said, bitterly. "It's often a throuble to me wondherin' if I was to work for a hondhert years for wan smile, would you give me that same in the end?"

"Just as likely not," said Maureen, shortly. "If ye have so little to do with yer time begin and work for girls that has the world light on their shouldhers. There's plenty in Bofin 'll give you smiles for nothin' without waitin' for the hondhert years to be up. Maureen Lacey hasn't time for sich foolery!"

"Whisht, Maureen!" cried Mike. "You know well that I care as little for the smile that isn't on your face as the hungry man cares for the stone by the road-side. Ye know that the sight o' you's mate an' dhrink to me the longest day that iver I fasted, an' the smallest word you'd spake in the winther is sweeter to me than the larks' singin' in the spring. But if my corpse was waked to-night you'd thramp over my grave to-morrow, an' think more o' the daisies ye hurt with yer foot than of me lyin' below."

"Yer not dead," said Maureen, sullenly, "nor dyin' neither, nor likely. But if ye were, an' yer grave lay in the road o' my work, I suppose I'd thramp over it all as wan as another."

"Well, Maureen," said Mike, drawing himself up, "I'm not the mane wretch to keep bothe'rin' a girl wanst she said in airnest 'Mike, I don't like you, there's others I could like betther. But that's what you niver said to me yet, Maureen, an' in spite o' yer hard words there's a glint I've seen in yer eye, ay, faith! a weeshie glint, that keeps me warm the cru'lest day that iver I put in on yon waves. There's news I wanted to tell ye to-night, an' a bit of a question I wanted to ax ye. But when ye come slap on me with yer crass talk, it just chokes the courage down my throat."

"I'm glad it does," said Maureen. "I neither want to hear yer news, nor to answer yer questions. An' now we're comin' to the village. Here's my path, an' there's the road to the East Ind. Ye'd betther let me go home my lone."

"Go your lone, then!" said Mike, fierily, "an' I'll go mine. I'll be betther aff than you, anyways, that hasn't as much as the sore heart for company. Sorra bit! but such a thing was left out clane the day ye were made. Maureen!" he added, eagerly, as she turned away, his angry voice falling to a coaxing whisper, "there's to be a Hallow's Eve dance at Biddy Prendergast's to-night. Hurry the childher to bed, an' give yer mother her beads to count at the fire, an' come. Will you?"

Maureen had stopped short. "No, I won't," she said, in a low voice.

"Feth ye will now, avourneen!"

"Feth I won't!" persisted the girl, doggedly, with her eyes on the ground.

"An' ye plase, then," cried Mike, with another burst of passion. "There'll be plenty of likely girls at Biddy's—Peggy Moran for wan, the best dancer in the island. Bad scran to the bit of my ould brogues that I won't dance aff my feet to The Little House undher the Hill with her. No, but ye'll come, Maureen. I'll take my oath that I'll see you comin' walkin' in like a May mornin' afore I'm up on the floor a crack with Peggy."

Maureen gave her bundle one final jerk, and Mike one final glance, as she turned away.

"An' if you do," she said, "I'll give ye lave in full to take as lies every word I've said to-night, an' every could word that iver I said since you begun to spake to me this ways. A pleasant dance to you, then, with Peggy Moran. Good-evenin'!"

She turned off abruptly, and struck out on her homeward path. Mike gave one passionate look after her, and then marched away in the other direction, whistling The Little House under the Hill with all his might.

At one of the furthest cabins facing the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped over the door-step into the firelit shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the red smoky atmosphere, saw her step-mother sitting at the hearth-stone with a child upon her knee, and some four or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These Maureen had expected to see, but her eyes went straight from them to two other figures, less familiar. Two visitors, a man and a woman, were seated properly on chairs, visitor-like, at a respectful distance from the fire. On these, for the sin of their presence, Maureen's glance passed severe judgment.

"Save ye, Con Lavelle!" she said, slowly, as she closed the door behind her. "Save ye, Nan!"

And then, without heeding their response, she went to the furthest corner of the cabin and threw her bundle of heather from her back upon a heap of turf. Straightening her bent figure with a sigh of relief, she untied the blue kerchief from her head and knotted it loosely round her neck. She passed her hand over her hair, damp with the dew, and smoothed back a straggling lock or two. Then, with her arms full of turf, she came silently over to the hearth, and began to "make down" a good roaring fire to boil the potatoes for the supper. The visitors drew back to give her more room, and the step-mother whispered, as she bent forward to the blaze,

"Who was walkin' on the bog with you, Maureen?"

A flash leaped out of the girl's eyes. She went on with her task in silence for about a minute, and then she said, in a steady voice, loud enough for the others to hear:

"If ye hard there was any wan, mother, ye hard who it was, and so I needn't tell you what you knowed afore."

"What was he sayin' to you, asthore?"

"It's no matther to any body what he was sayin'. He's plottin' no murther, that his words should be kep' an' counted."

"An' what did you say to him, avourneen?"

"Nothin' that went again my promise to you, mother. An' now that you've sifted and sarched me afore strangers, we'll talk about somethin' else, an' ye plase!"

So saying, Maureen rose to her feet with a brusqueness of manner that cut the dialogue short. The visitors, uneasily silent while it had lasted, now shuffled in their seats with relief. Con cleared his throat, and Nan clattered her chair closer to the hearth. Maureen drew a stool from the corner and sat down, leaning her back wearily against the ingle wall. Nan Lavelle, a good-humored looking, rugged-faced young woman, in a bran-new green Coburg gown, was the first to speak.

"We come, Con an' me," said Nan, "to see if you'd go with us to the dance at Biddy Prendergast's. There's to be two pipers, no less, wan Tady Kelly, from Mayo side, forbye our own Paudeen; an' the two's to be at it hard an' fast for which has the best music. They say that this Tady has great waltzes an' gran' fashions, but Paudeen's the best warrant for the jig-tunes afther. An' there's to be tay up in Biddy's new room, an' duckin' for apples, an' jumpin' at candles. Sorra sich a turn-out ever you seen! You'll come, Maureen?"

At the beginning of this address Maureen had changed color quickly, and, seizing the tongs, had commenced a fresh attack on the fire. Now she answered readily:

"I thank you, Nan," she said, "for comin' so far out o' yer way for me; an' I'm obliged to yer brother, too. But I think I'll not stir out again to-night."

"Och now, Maureen, yer not in airnest; yer not goin' to spen' yer Hallow's Eve at the fireside yer lone. Sorra wan o' you!"

"I'm goin' to my bed by-an'-by," said Maureen. "I'm thinkin' it's the fittest place for me that's been workin' hard since four this mornin'."

"Ay, Maureen, you work too hard," said Con Lavelle, speaking for the first time, shading his eyes with a brawny hand, while he shot a glance of tenderness at her from under his massive rough-hewn brows.

Maureen flushed again as she felt the glance. "That's for my own judgment," she said, impatiently. "I'm young an' strong, an' if ever I'm to work it's now for sure; an' I thank you, Con."

"But you'll come to the dance?" said Nan, coaxingly.

"No, Nan; I'll go to my bed."

"Well, if ever I seen or hard of such a girl!" said the sickly step-mother, fretfully. "Heavens above! when I was yer age there wasn't a dance in the island that I wouldn't be at. Come, none o' yer laziness, Maureen! Bed, indeed! I tell ye there's nothin' on airth for restin' young bones afther a hard day's work like a good dance. Up with you, girl, an' put on yer shoes, an' take the cloak."

"Mother!" said Maureen, looking up in amazement, "don't bid me for to go to-night. You don't know what yer doin'."

"But I do bid you for to go, an' if you gainsay me now, it'll be the first time in yer life. As for not knowin' what I'm doin', it's a quare speech, Maureen, an' wan I didn't expect from you. Be off with ye now!"

"An' I'm to go, mother?"

"You're to go, an' be quick!"

"Then let it stan' so," said Maureen, rising up suddenly, and looking down at her step-mother with a queer expression on her face. "I'm doin' yer biddin', an' come good or come ill of it, ye must bear the burden. I'll go."

Down to the room went Maureen with a lighted candle in her hand, which she stuck in a sconce on the wall.

"I have sthrived an' I have wrought," muttered she, as with trembling hands she began to put on her gray worsted stockings, and the shoes that on Sundays and state occasions only covered her nimble feet. "I have toiled for her, an' she niver would give me my will as much as to the sayin' of I'll go or I'll stay. Now I'm doin' her biddin', as I still have done it, an' if ill comes out of it, let her look to 't. I've hardened mysel', an' I've hardened mysel', but I'm not as hard as the rock yet. An' if I go at all, *feth* I'll go dacent, an' not be danced undher foot by the grandeur of Peggy Moran, with her genteel airs, an' her hoops, an' her five muzlin flounces, stickin' out all round her, starched as stiff as the grass in a white frast. Oh!—"

Here Maureen gave one desperate gasp of impatience to the thought of Peggy Moran, and struck her heel on the ground to drive it home in the unaccustomed shoe. Who should keep her from going to Biddy Prendergast's dance now? Not all the men in Bofin, armed to the death with shillalahs.

She opened an old painted chest in the corner, and produced a gown. This gown had belonged to her own dead mother, and was the one piece of finery which Maureen possessed in the world. It was a grand chintz, with blue and gold-color flowers on a chocolate ground, and fitted her figure to a nicety. This was quickly assumed, and her long amber hair rolled round her head in as smooth a wreath as its natural waviness would permit of. When this was done, a little cracked looking-glass over the hearth declared her toilet complete. Then she came back to the kitchen, and while Con Lavelle's admiring eyes devoured her from a shadowy corner, she served out their supper of potatoes to the children, and placed "the grain of tay" in a little brown tea-pot, burned black, on the hearth within reach of her step-mother's hand. These things done, she put the key of the house in her pocket, and taking "the cloak," a family garment, she followed her friends out of the cabin into a calm moonlit night, which had replaced the gloomy twilight.

Biddy Prendergast's house was in the Middle Quarter village, a good walk from the Widow Lacey's. When Maureen and the Lavelles arrived at the festive scene operations had already commenced. Screams of laughter greeted their entrance from a crowd of boys and girls who were ducking for apples in a tub of water behind the door. The kitchen was lighted by a huge turf fire that roared up the reeking chimney. In the smoky rafters hens dozed, and nets dangled. Flitches of bacon and bunches of dried fish swung in the draught when the door was opened. Biddy Prendergast was a well-to-do woman, one of the island aristocrats. In the ingle nook two or three *colliaghs*, anglicè crones, were toasting their knees and holding their chat, while the light leaped over their worn red petticoats and withered faces and hands. In a retired corner was Paudeen, the island piper, wrinkled and white-haired, sitting with his knowing eyes half-closed, droning and tuning at his pipes, holding commune with them, as it were, rallying and inspiring all their energies for the coming struggle with the rival pipes and piper, who had come to dispute the palm for skillful harmonies with the Bofin instrument and the Bofin musician. Tady, the other performer, was "down in the room" at his tea. And "down to the room" went our party from the North Beach.

In this room a notable assemblage was convened. A long board, contrived by means of several small tables, was spread with tea, soda cakes, "crackers," and potato cakes, several pounds of butter in a large roll being placed in the centre on a dish. A bed, with blue checker curtains and patchwork counterpane, choked up one corner of the room, leaving no space for chairs. This difficulty was comfortably ignored by the guests sitting on the bed, and nursing their cups and platters on their knees. Those opposite were less fortunate, as the heels of their chairs were nearly treading on the hearth. All the élite of Bofin were here.

Biddy Prendergast, a plain-faced woman in a grand dress cap and plaid gown, was making tea at the head of her board in high spirits. She was talking volubly, joking and laughing at Mike Tiernay, who with a huge black kettle in hand was replenishing her earthen tea-pot. Every now and again she winked at Peggy Moran, who sat close by, with her back to the fire, in all the glory of the five muslin flounces, a knot of red ribbons blazing under her chin, and her great black eyes dancing responsive to Biddy's winks, or falling demurely on her tea-cup when handsome Mike looked her way. Not a doubt but Mike was the best-looking man in the house, tall, and manly, and bronzed; with his coaxing voice, and his roguish smile, and his frank way of tossing the dark curls from his forehead by a fling of his head. Peggy, the belle, had long desired to count him on the list of her admirers. Peggy had three cows and two feather-beds to her dower; the finest fortune in Bofin. Biddy, through pure good will to Mike, her favorite, was trying to make a match between him and the heiress. This unknown to the elder Morans, who would sooner have seen their daughter mistress of Con Lavelle's fine farm at Fawnmore. Biddy's hints and Peggy's handsome eyes had until to-night remained unheeded. Now there was a sudden change. Mike was remarkably civil to both of these ladies. He tucked Peggy's flounces carefully away from the fire, and helped her twice to crackers. Peggy dimpled and blushed, and Biddy laughed and winked, and Mike was in the act of pouring the water and the tea-pot, when the door was pushed open, and Maureen and her friends came in.

A scream from Biddy greeted their entrance. "Bad manners to it for a kittle!" cried Mike, getting very red in the face. "Is the finger scalded aff o' you entirely? Sure if it is I'll put a ring on it for a plasther, an' if that doesn't mend it, sorra more can I do."

The finger was suitably bound and bemoaned, and Biddy pardoned the offender, forgot her pains like a heroine, and attended to her new guests.

"Come down, Con, come down, man, here's a sate by the fire. The night's could. Good luck to ye, Nan, hang yer cloak on the door there, an' come down an' ate a bit o' somethin'. Yer welcome, Maureen Lacey! Make room, girls, an' let her come down. It's seldom we get you to come out. An' how's the rumatics with yer mother?"

Con Lavelle being an important man, the richest farmer in the island, was soon forced into a seat by the fire, and he and his sister had their wants quickly attended to. Maureen, who was looked on by the hostess as rather an interloper, was not so eagerly noticed. Maureen felt this with a swelling heart. The next moment Mike had shouldered his way to her, had cleared a place for her on the bed, and taken his seat beside her, just at the corner, where he could draw back his head behind the looping of the curtain, and look at her proud, downcast face as much as he pleased. Maureen, with a huge cup and saucer in her hands, trembled so that she spilled the tea all over her grand chintz gown. Sitting there opposite to Peggy Moran's jealous eyes, with Mike leal and true beside her, Maureen struggled in the toils of the temptation to turn round and smile in his face, and ask him to hand her a piece of cake. She knew that Mike was thinking of her last words to him on the bog, knew it by his jubilant air, and the fire from his eyes that shone on her from behind the looping of the curtain. The temptation fought within her to let him have it his own way. In the whirling vision of a second she saw herself Mike's wife, mistress of a snug little shelter at the East End, making ready the hearth for Mike coming home from his fishing. No more drenching in the high spring tides, battling with storm and rain, carrying home the sea-rack on angry midnights. No more long days of labor in the fields of strangers for the wretched earning of sixpence a day. No more lecturings from a fretful step-mother, but always these strong hands beside her, and always these tender eyes. Oh, for Mike she could gladly work, with him could starve if need be. These things strove within Maureen as she sat spilling her tea over her grand chintz gown. But the old strain of duty, of pity for those depending on her, of fidelity to her promise to her step-mother, still kept its echo sounding in her ears, though but dimly and from afar off. The temptation shook her; but when the gust allayed itself, she regained her vantage-ground, breathless, but sure of foot. The habit of restraint was strong within her. She did not turn and smile on Mike; neither did she ask him for a piece of cake.

Peggy Moran, sitting with her back to the fire, was beginning to get very red in the face. Biddy Prendergast's wit had fallen dead. There was no one to tuck Peggy's flounces away from the blaze, nor to hold the kettle gallantly for Biddy. But tea was over now, and the two pipers were sending forth rival squeaks and groans in the kitchen. Young feet were restless, and old feet too. The "room" was deserted, and the dancing began with spirit.

Maureen had made one gallant struggle, but it was hard to be proof against all the enchantments of this most trying night. When Mike, whom many glancing eyes coveted for a partner, eagerly pressed her for the first dance, her customary short reply was not ready; and she found herself up on the floor by his side before she had time to think about it. As for Mike, he was wild with spirits. He saw Maureen's conduct in the light in which she knew he would see it. He thought she had relented at last, and made up her mind to smile on him for the future. By-and-by Maureen caught the spirit of the dance; panting and smiling, she tripped it with the nimblest among them. Every thing began to slip away, but the intense delight of the moment. Blushing rosy red, her eyes sparkling, her hair shining and shaking out in little gleaming rings about her forehead, her face developed a radiant beauty that hardly seemed to belong to the grave Maureen.

Peggy Moran and the young man from America with whom she consoled herself, tried to get up one genteel round of the Copenhagen Waltz. This being finished, Paudeen the piper asked Maureen, in compliment to her dancing, to tell him her favorite tune. Whereupon Maureen, with a sly laugh in her eyes, asked for The Little House under the Hill. This was Paudeen's greatest tune, and at it he went with the will of a giant, his white hair shaking, his wrinkled cheeks bursting, and his one leg with its blue-ribbed stocking and brogue hopping up and down under his pipes with might and enthusiasm. How he shrilled and shrieked it, how he groaned and wheezed it, and how all the company joined in at last and danced it! How it was stamped and shuffled, how the deafening clatter of feet, and the "whoops!" and "hurroos!" rose up to Biddy Prendergasts's smoky rafters and wakened the hens, and set them a clucking, and how Tady, the vanquished professor, sat sad in the corner and mused on the primitive state of uncivilization in which these benighted Bofiners were plunged! There was only one other who did not join in the dance, and who stood with his long loose figure drawn up against the wall in a corner, his wistful eyes searching the crowd of bobbing heads for the occasional glimpse of one face. That man was Con Lavelle.

After this jig was over, the house being literally "too hot to hold" the dancers, they turned out in couples, some to go home, others only to cool themselves in the moonlight, and return. Of these latter were Mike Tiernay and Maureen Lacey. Under the shelter of Biddy's gable wall Mike got leave at last to "spake" all he had tried to say so often, and Maureen cut him short with no cross answers. He told his news, and he "axed" his question.

## II.

The next night a yellow moon hung high over Bofin, gilding the spars of the Liverpool trader, rocking still in the harbor. The headlands lay like good-natured giants smiling in their dreams. An ocean of silver glimmered out of the obscurity of space and kissed their feet. Along the road to the North Beach a man was plodding with a parcel under his arm.

Con Lavelle had loved Maureen Lacey long. Last night had shown him that if his chance were not speedily improved it would very quickly become nothing. The Widow Lacey smiled on him, he knew, for she reckoned on Con's soft nature and Con's good farm to help her out of many of her difficulties. This was little, however, while Maureen was cold. Last night he had seen her melt and brighten; and though the change, he knew, had not been wrought by him, his heart had so ached at her unwonted beauty that he could not, like a wise man, turn his face the other way and think of her no more. No, he would have his chance out. He would offer her his love; and if she would not have that he would bribe her with his comfortable house, his goodly land, and help and protection for her family. If Maureen could not give him her love he would grieve; but if Maureen could be bought he would buy her.

This was the state of Con's mind when he lifted the Laceys' latch. The children were in bed, the house was swept, the bits of tins and crockeries were all straight on the humble dresser, the few rude chairs were ranged with precision along by the walls. Maureen's step-mother was dozing in her little straw chair in the warmest corner. It was not in her veins that the fever burned which had caused this spell of prostration. Maureen stood on the hearth, in her work-a-day crimson petticoat and loose bodice of print, with the blaze playing over her pretty bare feet, not yet spoiled by exposure, and deepening the heated spots on her cheeks, and gilding the willful ripples of hair that would creep out and keep straying about her forehead. Twice Maureen had slipped "down to the room," and pressed her face to the one little pane of the window, and peered forth at the night without, where the yellow moonlight fell rich and [illegible] on the rugged causeway, and the silver Atlantic shifted and glimmered between the gray stone-walls of the neighboring cabins. And the last time she had withdrawn her face with a gesture of impatient dismay. This was not the shape she wanted to see, this loose, swinging figure coming along with its awkward shadow.

Con lifted the latch and came in. The noise wakened the widow, who hailed him with glad surprise. "What can bring him to-night again?" flashed through the minds of both the women, followed also by the same surmise, only the latter was with one a hope, with the other a fear. Maureen's "Save ye, Con!" was only a feeble echo of her step-mother's greeting, wrung from her by the absolute requirements of hospitality. Curiosity was quickly allayed, and hope and fear confirmed. Advancing to the dresser with a sheepish air, the visitor set down a bottle of whisky, pipes, and tobacco. Thus his errand was at once declared. Con Lavelle had come "match-making."

The step-mother rubbed her wasted hands with delight. "You're welcome, Con, agra, machree!" she said. "Maureen, set out the table, an' fetch the glasses, an' fill the pipes."

Maureen did as she was bidden, uncorked the bottle, and handed the glass and kindled pipe to her mother, all with a set defiance on her face, which did not escape the timorous suitor.

"Ye'll be come on business, Con?" began the widow.

"Ay," said Con, blushing and fidgeting. "I come, Mrs. Lacey, to ask yer daughter for a wife. God sees I'll make her as good a husband as iver laid all he had in a girl's lap an' only axed for hersel' in return."

"It's thrue for you, Con, dear," said the step-mother. "Oh, an' ye have her with my heart's best wish. Come down, Maureen, and give yer han' to yer husband."

Maureen had been standing, pale, over in the shadows, at the dresser. Now she moved down to the hearth. "Not my husband," she said, "an' niver my husband. In my heart I'm thankful to ye, Con Lavelle, for thinkin' kindly of a poor girl like me, but I can not take yer offer."

"Good Lord, sich talk!" cried the widow, enraged. "Don't mind her, Con, asthore; it's only a way girls has, likin' to keep themsel's high, an' small blame to them! She'll be yours, niver fear, an' willin' an' plased on her weddin'-day."

"Mother," said Maureen, "where's the use of talkin' this ways? Yer not my God nor my Maker, that ye have a right to han' over my soul an' body to this man or that man again my will. An' you, Con Lavelle, yer a dacent man, an' ye wouldn't be for takin' a girl to yer wife that had her heart set in wan that wasn't you. I'm a pledged wife, an' as good as a wife this minit in the eyes o' the Almighty above; an' thrue an' fast I'll stan' to my word, so help me Christ, my Saviour!"

Slowly, and with a stern reverence in her tone, Maureen uttered these last words, her eyes on the ground and her hands squeezed together. Con hung his head and hoped no more, and the step-mother rocked herself to and fro in her feebleness, and raged with disappointment.

"You bould hizzy!" she cried. "Oh, you bould, shameless hizzy, that's been decavin' me all this time! Goin' jiggin' to yer dances an' makin' yer matches, an' throwin' dust in the eyes o' the poor sickly mother at home. Oh, you bad, onnatural daughther!"

"Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Lacey," put in soft-hearted Con. "Throth I'll not listen to that from ye. If Maureen can not like me I'll tell the thruth o' her. She's the good, hard-workin' daughther to you, whatever!"

"Hould yer tongue!" shrieked the passionate woman. "What do you know about it? Throth ye take yer answer kindly. It's always the likes o' a soft fool like you that gets tumbled in the mud while the world's goin' roun'. Oh, wirra, wirra, that iver I should rear sich a daughther!"

Maureen stepped up to Con and put out her hand. "I thank ye," she said, eagerly, "for puttin' in that kind word for me. I have thried to do her biddin', an' God sees it's her own fault that it's come to this so soon. I'm rale grateful to ye, Con, an' if I could make two women o' mysel', wan o' me should be yer wife. Bein' only wan, I must go afther my heart."

Big tears swelled up in Con's eyes as he shook her hand and let it drop. "It's thrue for you, Maureen," was all he said.

"Oh!" cried the step-mother, fiercely—"oh! if I could just get my tongue about that limb o' the devil, Mike Tiernay—"

"God save all here!" said a hearty voice, as the latch was lifted, and Mike himself stood among them.

Maureen, blushing, fell back into the shadows and left the battle to him.

"Lend us yer arm, Con," cried the step-mother, trying to stand. "Begone!" she shrieked, shaking her puny fist at Mike, "begone from my house, you thief, you beggar!"

"Throth, yer not well, Mrs. Lacey, dear," said Mike, "yer not well at all. An' it's Con's fault here for givin' you too sthrong a taste o' this fine whisky o' his, an' you so wake about the head. Sit down now, Mrs. Lacey, asthore, an' rest yersel' a bit," he went on coaxingly, slipping her hand from Con's arm, setting her in her chair, and drawing a seat confidentially beside her. "An' feth ye may make yer mind aisy about thieves an' beggars, for there isn't a sowl of sich a crew in the house at all: sorra wan; nor out bye neither, for the moon's as bright as daylight, an' I couldn't miss but see them if they were there."

All this was poured forth in Mike's own rolling, coaxing, devil-may-care tone, completely drowning any attempt of the widow's to finish her interrupted volley of abuse. She sat grasping the sides of her chair in silence, and mentally scratching his face.

"Oh, the imperence of ye!" she hissed between her teeth, at last, "to think to come round me with yer blarney. I know yer errand—"

"You do, Mrs. Lacey?" said Mike, "you know that Maureen—" here his eyes deepened and flashed, and a ruddy smile overspread his brave face as he glanced at a shadowy corner opposite, "that Maureen has promised me her own sel' for a wife gin this day year when I come home from my voyage? Ye've hard of the sthrange vessel that's been lyin' below all week. Well, the captain is a dacent man, an' he's offered to take me with him in his ship, an' promised to put me in a way of arnin' in a year as much money as 'll do all I'll want it to do. On this day twel'month I'll come back a well-to-do man, plase God, an' I'll buy the best holdin' in Bofin, save an' exceptin' Con Lavelle's here. Maureen has give me her word to wait for me. An' that's my errand, to tell ye all this that's arranged betune us."

This information of Mike's threw a light on the widow's perplexity and the storminess of her wrath became somewhat calmed.

"Ye'll niver come back," she said, with a sneer, "wanst yer off out o' Bofin with yer blarneyin' tongue an' yer rovin' ways, sorra fut will ye iver set in it again."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, gravely. "You mustn't say that, an' me ready to swear the conthrairy."

"Ay," she sneered again; "the likes o' ye 'll swear to any thing; but who'll heed ye? I say it would be betther for Maureen to take up at wanst with a dacent man like Con Lavelle there, sitting peaceable at home on his farm, than to be waitin' for years till a rover like you takes the notion to turn up again from the other ind o' the world. Which ye niver will."

"Well, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, drawing himself up, and speaking solemnly, "I'll give Maureen her lave, full and free, to marry Con Lavelle come this day year, if I be not here to claim her first mysel'."

"Ay," said Maureen, looking suddenly out of the shadows; "an' I'll give my word full an' free to marry Con Lavelle come this day year, if Mike be not here to claim me first."

"Ye'll swear that?" said the step-mother.

"Ay, we'll swear it both if you like," said Mike, smiling proudly down on Maureen.

"He's ready enough to han' you over, Maureen," said the widow, with another of her sneers. "Ye'll be 'feared to do the same by him, I'm thinkin'."

Maureen made no reply, but, slipping her hand out of Mike's, went over to the dresser and reached up for something, to a little cracked cup on the shelf.

"Here's two rings," she said, coming back to the hearth, "wan I got on the last fair day, an' the other I got last night in Biddy Prendergast's cake. There's for you, Con, an' there's for you, Mike. Wan o' you men 'll put wan o' them rings on my finger come this day year; Con, if I'm left for him, Mike, if he's home in time. This I swear, mother, in spite o' yer tants, an' by the Blessed Vargin I'll keep my oath!"

A silence fell on the group. The blaze of the fire dropped down, and a shadow covered the hearth. A momentary cloud passed over Mike's proud face in the flush of its rash happy confidence. Was it a whispered reminder of the perils that beset the sailor abroad on the seas—of storms, of great calms, of ships drifted out of their tracks? But Mike was not one to fret his mind about shadows.

"Ye'll dhrink to that all round?" said Con Lavelle, presently.

"Ay, we'll dhrink to 't," said Mike, gayly; and Maureen mending the fire, a jovial glow lit up the house once more.

Con Lavelle had become a different man within the last few minutes. His dejected face was kindled, and his brawny hand shook as he poured the whisky into the glasses.

"Here's to Maureen's happy weddin' on this day year!" he said, knocking the glass against his teeth as he raised the spirit to his lips. "Amen, amen," went round in reply, and matters being thus concluded, the two men presently took their leave, and quitted the cabin together.

"Look ye here, Mike Tiernay," said Con Lavelle, stopping short, as the two walked along in the moonlight, "I'll give you wan warnin' afore I part ye. I have loved Maureen Lacey since iver she was able to toddle. Seein' she liked ye the best, I would not have made nor meddl't betune ye. But with yer own an' her own free-will she took an oath to-night, afore my face, an' *mind*, I'll make her stick to her bargain. Look to't well, an' come home for yer wife in time, for sorra day, nor hour, nor minit o' grace will I give you, if so it falls out that ye fail her!"

Mike Tiernay drew up his towering figure, and looked contemptuously into the feverish face of his rival.

"When yer axed for day, or hour, or minit o' grace, Con Lavelle," he said, "then come an' give me yer warnin's. Ye may wish me what evil ye plase, but the Almighty himsel' will blow the blast that'll bring me o'er the seas to make ruin o' yer evil hopes. I'm lavin' my wife in His hands, an' heed me, man, ye shall niver touch her!"

Shame fell on Con for a moment, and his better nature was touched.

"I do not wish ye evil, Mike Tiernay," he said, sulkily, "but only to have my chance."

### III.

Maureen's year of trial began in peace. Her step-mother's tongue was less harsh than usual, and Con Lavelle had left her untroubled. Her trust in Mike was as whole as her trust in God.

Presently Con Lavelle began to change his demeanor; growing regular and systematic in his attentions, sending boys to cut her turf and carry her rack, and do odd rough jobs for her by stealth. Her stern rejection of these real services made very little difference to Con, who went steadily on laying siege to her gratitude in a number of subtle ways. The step-mother grew more sickly; and how could Maureen, who had little to give her, turn Nan Lavelle from the door, when she came smiling in of an evening with a nice fat chicken under her cloak, or a morsel of mutton for broth? Or how could she throw in the fire the gay new nappikeen, bought on the last fair day, which the widow wore tied on her head, and which Con had not dared to present to Maureen? Con was not bold, but sly. He did nothing that Maureen could resent, but he kept her in constant remembrance of her promise. Often, as he smoked his pipe at his farm-house door at sunset, he would slip out a little brass ring from his pocket, twirl it on the top of his own huge finger, and smile at the vacant Atlantic, lying sailless and sunny before him. Why should Mike Tiernay return?

So the year went on, and October came round again. As the end of the month drew near public excitement ran high. Men made bets, and kind-hearted women said prayers for Maureen. Con Lavelle went about his farm with feverish eyes and a restless foot, while indoors Nan already made rare preparations. At the North Beach the step-mother chattered incessantly about the wedding, and her pride that a daughter of hers should be mistress of Fawnmore Farm. As the days narrowed in about her, Maureen struggled hard to go and come like one who was deaf and blind. She made ready her humble trousseau, knitting her new gray stockings, and stitching her new blue cloak, bending her sharpened face over her work, contradicting no one, and questioning no one. Neighbors who chanced to meet the flash of her eye went away crossing themselves. People began to feel afraid of Maureen Lacey.

At last Hallow Eve arrived. Biddy Prendergast gave another of her dances, and Peggy Moran figured at it as the bride of the young man from America, on whom she had bestowed herself, her three cows, and her two feather-beds. But Con Lavelle and his sister Nan were busy at home, making ready for that wedding of the morrow which was the subject of eager discussion at Biddy's tea-table to-night. The wedding-feast was to be spread at Fawnmore, and many guests had been invited.

It was a rough, wild night. If the Bofiners were less hardy a race, or if the storm had commenced in its violence an hour or two earlier, Biddy Prendergast must have had few guests at her dance that Hallow Eve. About eight o'clock Nan Lavelle was bending over her pot-oven inspecting the browning of her cakes, and Con was nailing up a fine new curtain on the kitchen-window to make the place look more snug than usual. The wind bellowed down the chimney, and its thunders overhead drowned the noise of the hammer and the sound of some one knocking for admittance outside. Suddenly the door was pushed open, and Maureen Lacey came whirling breathless over the threshold, with the storm driving in like a troop of fiends let loose after her heels. Her face was white and streamed with rain; her dripping hair and the soaked hood of her cloak were dragged back from her head upon her shoulders. She tried to close the door behind her, but could not, and the yelling wind kept pouring in, dashing every thing about the kitchen as though the place were invaded by an army of devils.

"God save us!" cried Nan, dropping her knife and rushing to shut the door.

"Maureen!" said Con, with a blaze of surprise on his face, coming eagerly to meet her, and attempting to draw the wet cloak from her shoulders. "If ye had any word to say to me, asthore, ye might have sent wan o' the childher airly an' let me know. I'd have walked twenty mile for yer biddin' forbye wan, an' the night was ten times worse than it is."

Maureen shook off his touch with a shudder, and retreated a step or two.

"I haven't much to say," she said, hoarsely—"only this: What time o' day have ye settl't for to-morra?"

"Ten o'clock," said Con, sullenly, his glow all extinguished, and his face dark.

"Ten!" echoed Maureen. "Oh, Con," she cried, clasping her hands and raising her wild eyes to his face in a pitiful appeal—"Oh, Con, make it twelve!"

Con glanced at her and cast his eyes on the ground in dogged shame. "Let it be twelve, thin," he said. "I can not stan' yer white face, though the same white face might harden a man, seein' what's to happen so soon. This much I'll grant ye, but ye needn't ax no more. I have stood my chance fair an' honest, an' I'll not let ye off with yer bargain."

Maureen's supplicating face, at this, was crossed by a change that made the bridegroom start.

"*You* let me off!" she said, scornfully. "If you, or any man or mortal had it in their power to let me off, I wouldn't be comin' prayin' to ye here to-night. But I swore an oath to my God, an' to Him I must answer for 't. An' that was the rash swearin' when death wasn't put in the bargain. For mind ye, Con Lavelle, there's nothin' on land or say, but death only, 'll bring me to yer side to-morra in yondher chapel. Whisht!" she said, as a long, thundering gust roared over the roof; "there's death abroad to-night. Las' night I saw a ship comin' sailin', sailin', an' somebody wavin', wavin', an' a big wave rolled over the ship, an' thin there rose wan screech. I woke up, an' there was the storrum keenin', keenin'—Nan Lavelle, will ye give me a mouthful o' could wather?"

She drank the draught eagerly, and then she gathered her wet cloak around her.

"Thank ye!" she said. "I'll be goin' now. Good-night to ye!" Con wakened out of his black reverie and sprang to the door. "Maureen!" he cried, grasping her cloak to detain her. "Ye dar not go out yer lone in the rage o' yon wind. Stop a bit, an'—"

"Let me go!" said Maureen, fiercely, shaking him off. "You'd betther let me go, for I will not answer for all my doin's this night."

Her hands were wrenching at the bar, and the door flew open as she spoke. Again the blast poured in with its frightful gambols. Con Lavelle and his sister fell back, and Maureen's white face vanished in the darkness. Nan Lavelle made fast the door again, and returned to her pot-oven with a weight upon her heart. Thoroughly matter-of-fact as was this young woman, it did not occur to her now for the first time that to-morrow's wedding would be an ill-omened event. There was an hour of silence between the brother and sister, and then Nan cried, aghast, as the crashing overhead arose to a horrible pitch,

"God keep us, Con! It's thrue what Maureen said. There'll be death abroad afore mornin'!"

"Ay!" muttered Con, as he stalked restlessly up and down with his hands in his pockets. "But it's thrue as well what she said forbye—*they did not put death in the bargain*. Dead or alive, if he beant here, 'fore Heaven I'll have my rights!"

The people of Bofin are accustomed to storms. The tempest is their lullaby, their alarm, their burly friend, or their treacherous enemy. It rocks the cradle when they are born, rings the knell when they die, and keens over them in their graves. When there is no storm the world seems to come to a stand-still. Yet the oldest islander can not recollect so awful a night as this eve of Maureen's wedding. Few will understand all that this means, for few could imagine the terrors of a Bofin hurricane; how the sad, barren island is scourged by its devastating rage; how the shrill cries of drowning hundreds come ringing through its smothering clamor; how the tigerish Atlantic rushes hungrily over its cliffs, roaring "Wrecks! wrecks!" and goes hissing back again to do its deed of destruction.

A night like this brings spoils to the island shores, and many are abroad, looking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the northeast headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black night was blenching to a pallid gray. Streaks of purple and green rode over the seething ocean, tinting the foam of the tossing surges, whose blinding wreaths thickened the air like angry snow-drifts. Now rosy bars began blushing out from the eastward, glowing and spreading till they looked like the trail of fiery wings—the fiery wings of the Angel of Death, passing in again at the gates of heaven. Coming along in this splendid dawn the two men saw a female figure hastening as if to meet them.

It was Maureen, in her wedding-gown and her wedding-cloak, with a new azure kerchief tied over her pretty gold hair. Her face was turned to the sea, and the men saw only the rim of her thin white cheek as she passed them by without seeming to see them.

"Presarve us!" said one; "she's ready for her weddin' airly. Where is she boun' for at this hour do ye think?"

"God knows!" said the other. "I niver seen a sowl got so wild-like. If I was Con Lavelle I would wash my han's o' her."

"Sorra fears o' Con doin' any sich thing!" laughed the other. "But where ondher heaven is she gettin' out to now? Mother o' marcy! it's not goin' to dhrownd herself she is!"

The men were still on the headlands, but Maureen had descended to the beach. Plowing her way through the wet, slippery shingle, she had gained a line of low rocks, on which the surf was dashing, and she was now clambering on hands and knees to reach the top of the furthest and most difficult of the chain yet bared.

"Och, it's lookin' for Mike she is, poor girl!" said one of the men; "an' feth she may save hersel' the throuble. The safest ship that iver he sailed in wouldn't carry him within miles of Bofin last night. Whisht! what's yon black thing out far there agin the sky? Show us yer glass."

The other produced an old battered smuggler's telescope, and, turn about, they peered long and steadily out to sea.

"Oh, throth it's a wreck!" said the one.

"Ay, feth!" said the other.

"Well!" said the first, "God rest the poor sowls that are gone to their reck'nin'! but it's an ill win' that blows nobody good. There'll be many's the bit of a thing washin' in afore nightfall. Maureen!" he cried out, suddenly, raising his voice to a roar. "My God! I was feared she was mad. Maureen!"

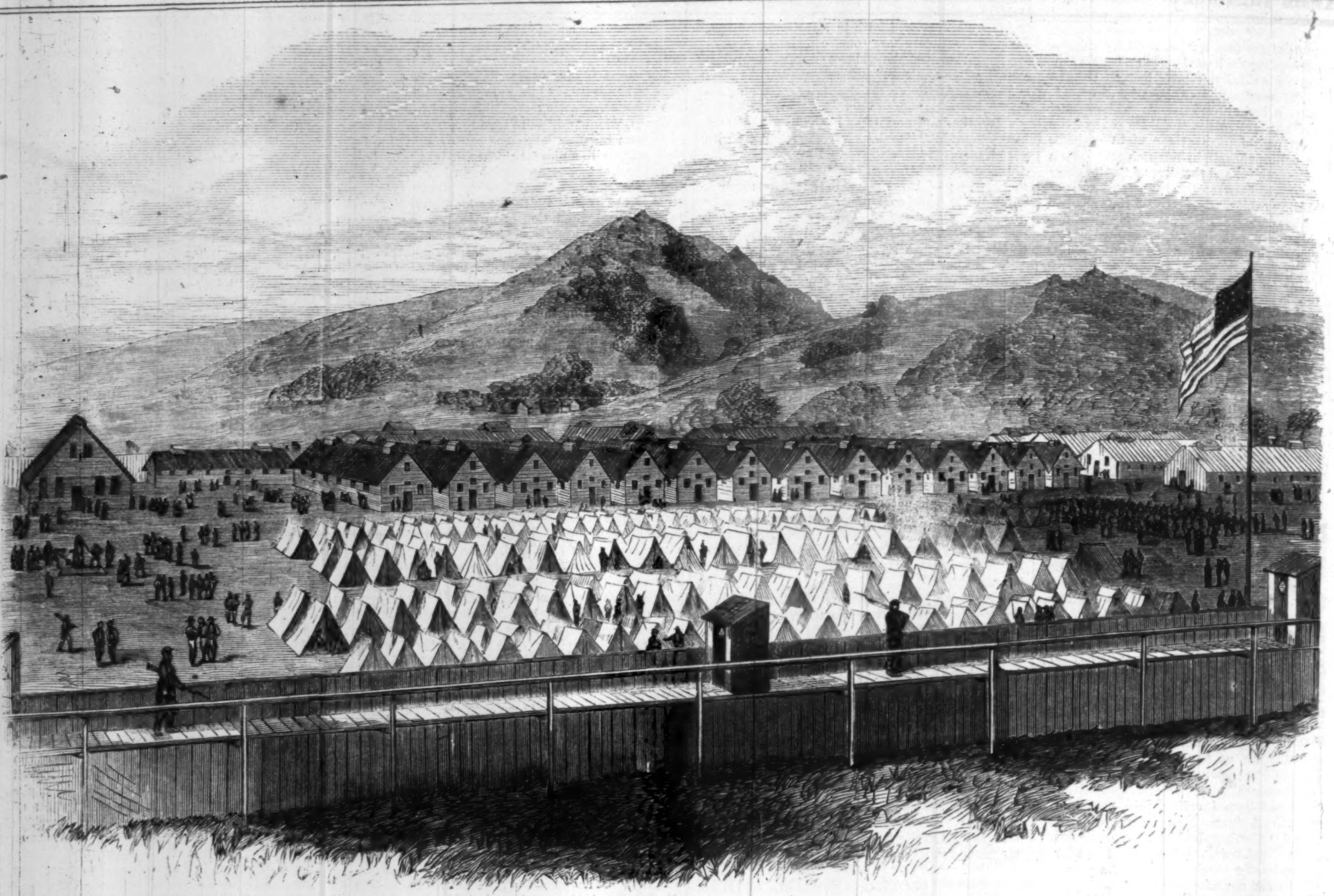
A long, unearthly cry was the answer, ringing through the dawn. Maureen had been crouching on her knees, dangerously bending to the foam, as if searching under the curve of each breaker as it crashed up and split its boiling froth upon the rock. Now she rose up with her terrific cry, and, throwing her arms wildly over her head, leaped into the sea and disappeared.

Running swiftly down the headlands, the men gained the beach, and there they saw Maureen, not floating out to sea upon the waves, but standing battling with them, up to her waist in the seething foam, clinging with one hand to the rock beside her, and with the other tugging in desperation at something dark and heavy that rose and sank with the swelling and rebounding of the tide. Dashing into the water, the men were quickly at her side.

"It is Mike!" gasped Maureen, half blinded, half choking with the surf. "Bring him in!"

They loosened her fingers from that dark heavy something, and found that indeed it was the body of a man. They laid him on the beach, drew the hair from his face, and recognized their old comrade, Mike Tiernay. Maureen uttered no more wild cries. She took the cloak from her shoulders and spread it up to his chin. She put her hand into his bosom, found the ring she had given him attached round his neck by a string, and slipped it at once upon her finger. Then she sat down and laid his head upon her knee.

"Will you go," she said, calmly, to the men, "and tell Con Lavelle that Mike Tiernay has come home? Will ye tell him," she added, holding up

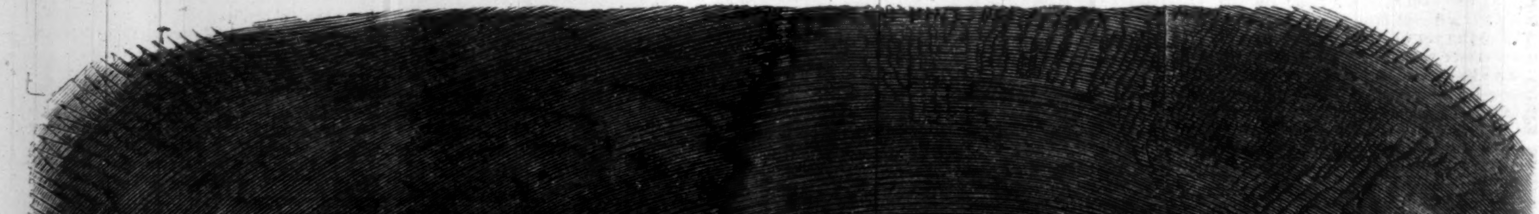


CAMP OF REBEL PRISONERS AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.—[See Page 230.]

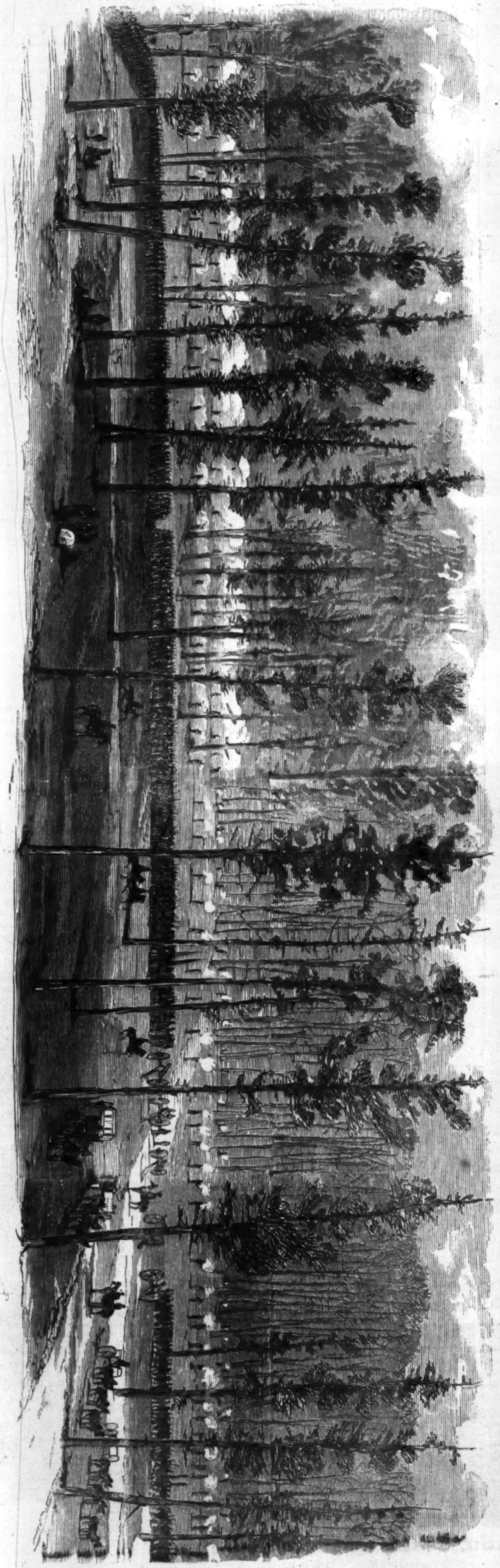
her hand—"will ye tell him Maureen Lacey has a ring upon her finger?"

And this was all the wedding that Bofin saw that day.

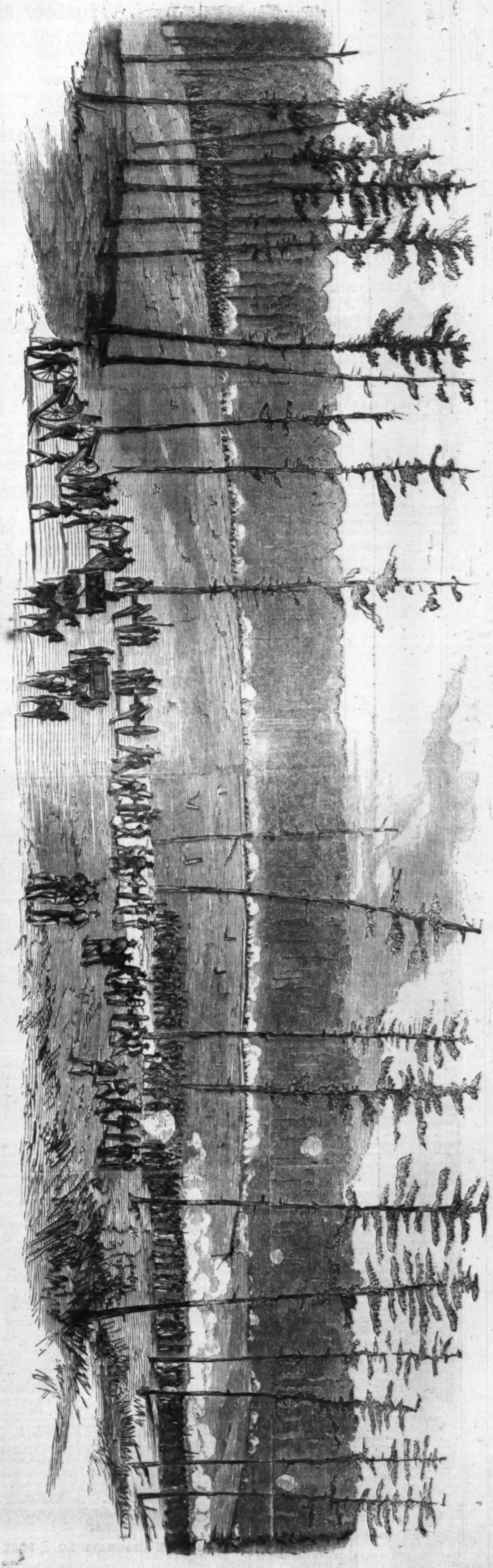
But little further of Maureen Lacey is known to the writer of this history. The wreck of the ship in which Mike had been returning was one of those disasters whose details fill the daily newspapers in winter-time. Sewn in the poor fellow's jacket was found a note for a good little sum of money. The following year a fever visited the island, sweeping off, among others, Maureen's step-mother, and all her children but one. About a year after this Maureen sold all their worldly goods, and took her departure for America with her little brother in her arms.



PRISON IN CASEMATE NO. 2, FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR.—[See First Page.]



BATTLE OF BENTONSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 20—FIFTEENTH CORPS ENGAGED ON THE RIGHT.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



BATTLE OF BENTONSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 19—FOURTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS ENGAGED.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]

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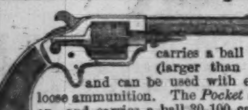

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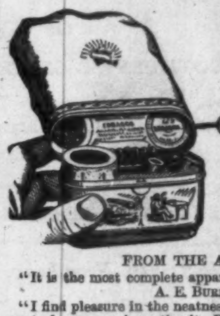

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*Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.*

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

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Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

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A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

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"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

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*From* James J. Hoyt.

Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.

Dr. Poland,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint*. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

*From* Stephen Bartlett.

Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.

Dr. Poland,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery. *—Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

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### THE COMPANY'S PROPERTIES.

No. 1.—One-half (½) acre on Cherry Run, Venango County, Penn., three-fourths of a mile above the great Reed Well, and in the immediate neighborhood of the new Two Hundred Barrel Well, which has within a few days attracted so much attention. This lot is owned by the Company in *Fee Simple*.

No. 2.—One-half (½) acre adjoining the above tract. Perpetual lease. Half all Oil.

No. 3.—Three-fourths (¾) of an acre on the Run next above the lots just described. Perpetual lease. Half all Oil.

These lots are every inch on the Creek bottom, level and smooth, with room enough for ten wells.

No. 4.—One-half (½) acre, fee simple, on Rocky River, Medina County, Ohio, being a part of the famous "Oil Spring Lot," and but four rods from the well producing Lubricating Oil—a well bored for salt many years ago.

No. 5.—Twenty (20) acres, fee simple, on Rocky River, adjoining the farm on which is the above-described Oil Well, and on the outskirts of the village of Liverpool. Oil Geologists, who recently prospected here, fixed the place where a large flow of Oil should be obtained directly on this tract, at a point where a ravine makes into the river.

There is on this property a fine large house, good barn, and outhouses, which will be valuable in the operations of the Company. A derrick is up on this lot, and a well is being bored by hand power to the depth of two hundret feet, while an engine is being got on to the ground.

No. 6.—One hundred and fifty-five (155) acres in the Federal Creek, Athens County, Ohio, oil country, in the immediate neighborhood of the Joy Farm One Hundred Barrel Well, struck recently, and surrounded by many good producing wells. This territory promises to be fully equal to the best in Pennsylvania. A great many wells are now producing largely in this section, and hundreds going down. No failures are reported any where in this region. It is just opposite the great Oil Fields of the Kanawha, and is laid down by our most eminent geologists as in the very centre of the Oil Basin.

Since this property was obtained, owing to developments adjoining it, the value has been increased to an extent to make it alone ample property for the basis of a large Company. Lease fifteen (15) years, with four-fifths of all Oil.

No. 7.—One (1) acre, with hotel, barn, and outhouses, being the Tavern Stand at Grafton, Ohio, fee simple. On this lot is an old well, strongly impregnated with Oil, and the show of Oil here is regarded as superior. This property is also highly valuable as Hotel Property.

No. 8.—Three hundred (300) acres, near the above property. Derrick up and well going down on this farm, with all indications of Oil. Lease twenty years, with three-fourths of all Oil.

No. 9.—Ninety-seven (97) acres, on Black River, Grafton, Ohio, two miles from the above farm. Lease twenty-nine years; five-sixths of all Oil.

No. 10.—Eighty-four (84) acres, Grafton, adjoining the "Rising Well Farm," on which is a fine well of Lubricating Oil, now pumping, and several going down. Lease twenty-nine years; five-sixths of all Oil.

This Grafton property, though quite undeveloped, is fast becoming very popular. Several wells are now going down in the township, and active preparations are making for many more. One or two wells are now pumping with good success, and several that are down but one or two hundred feet have a fine show of Oil. This is heavy Lubricating Oil.

Nearly the entire 659¼ acres of land owned by this Company is bottom land, and every foot of it boring territory, giving ample room for more than 1500 wells.

The tracts lie in four different localities, and none of them in mythical or unknown regions, where perhaps there is not a well being bored within fifty miles, and where, if oil should be found, the means of transportation would be absolutely wanting, thus rendering the product valueless. These lands are all in easy reach of railroads. A feature, the advantages of which will readily appear, is, that all these lands are surrounded by active development, numbers of wells going down in the immediate vicinity of each tract, so that, should Oil be found, this property is enhanced in value though the Company should not at once commence operations themselves on all the lots.

### ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

This Company has been organized on a different plan from most Petroleum Companies now in operation, the advantages of which will be apparent to every one.

The property of this Company was purchased by an Association of forty-five gentlemen, and was selected after careful examination by two of their number, sent out for the especial purpose. With the money for the purchase of the lands was raised $15,000 working capital, and placed in the hands of the Trustees. This enabled the Association to at once commence operations, instead of waiting for the sale of the stock to produce working capital, as is usual. Three wells are now in progress of sinking on the Cherry Run property.

With good success, sixty days will suffice to complete these wells, and that they will be highly productive no one familiar with oil territory can doubt, as there never has been a failure on Cherry Run, and within a few rods of this property are some very fine wells. The famous Coquette (800 bbls.), Jersey (400 bbls.), Maple Shade (200 bbls.), and Sherman Wells (200 bbls.), are immediately across on Oil Creek. The renowned Reed Well, which flows 300 barrels daily, is less than one mile below on Cherry Run, and a new 200-barrel well is between the Reed Well and these lots. These lots are in what is recognized by all men as the finest Oil Basin yet discovered, and immediately between the Reed Well on the one side and the Coquette, Jersey, &c., on the other side, the largest oil wells in the world, and in this distance there has never been a well put down that was not a paying well. Farther on in this same line is the famous Pitt Hole Well of the United States Petroleum Company.

Three wells are also going down on the Ohio property. One on the "Oil Spring Lot; one on the Gooderich Farm, 20 acres, Liverpool; and one on the Brown Farm, Grafton. Oil is found here generally at a depth of less than 200 feet, and to this depth wells are sunk by hand power. These wells are being vigorously pushed.

To facilitate the business of developing these lands, the gentlemen purchasing them have formed a Stock Company, with a very limited capital, considering the great value of their lands, and have taken among themselves all the Stock except 28,000 Shares, set apart as additional working capital. These 28,000 shares are now offered to the public. *The Stock is all full paid, and will not be liable to any assessments. No stockholder assumes any personal liability.*

As more engines have been contracted for, and arrangements made to sink wells on other tracts of the Company's lands, it is desirable that all the additional working capital should be speedily converted into cash; and, that this may be done at once, the Stock reserved for it is offered at the extreme low price of $3 00 per Share.

Subscriptions or Orders will be received, and Certificates issued, for any number of Shares above ten.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS are open at the office of Sykes, Chadwick & Co., Willard's Hotel, Washington; office of W. D. Mann, 227 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; at the office of the Army Oil Company, 211 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio; and at the Company's office, 240 Broadway, New York. Persons at a distance or in the army, wishing to purchase stock, can send Treasury Notes, Drafts, Gov't Bonds, Post-Office or Paymasters' Orders, to the office at New York, and immediately Certificates of Stocks will be returned to them, or forwarded to whom they may direct.

*Considering the gigantic extent of this wonderful field for business, the certainty of large gains in it by judicious enterprise, the abilities, advantages, and reputation of the gentlemen concerned in this Company, and the positive and solid progress of its operations up to this point, it is believed that no investment is at this day open to the public at once so safe and so lucrative.*

### LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL ASSOCIATION THAT PURCHASED THIS PROPERTY.

Of the Army.—Major-General W. S. Hancock; Brigadier-Generals William Hoffman, Com. Gen. of Prisoners; Thos. Kilby Smith; Green B. Raum; W. H. Penrose; —— Morgan, Chief of Staff to Maj.-Gen. Hancock; S. S. Carroll; Colonels Benjamin C. Card, U. S. A.; Jacob Zeilin, Commandant, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant-Colonels W. L. Duff, of Lieut.-Gen. Grant's Staff; William Redwood Price, Chief of Cavalry Bureau; C. H. Frederick, V. R. C.; R. F. Moson, 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry; Lewis H. Pelouze, U. S. A., and A. A. G., War Department; Majors Aug. Nicholson, Adjt. and Ins. Gen. U. S. Marine Corps; Robert N. Scott, Maj. Gen. Halleck's Staff; W. C. Jones, Paymaster; J. B. M. Potter, Paymaster, U. S. A.; —— Howard, War Department; Geo. K. Leet, Lieut.-Gen. Grant's Staff; Captains J. S. Poland, 2d U. S. Infantry; E. M. Stebbins, M. S. K. and P. M., U. S. A., Washington Arsenal; W. A. Lamotte, A. A. General; W. Mitchell, 3d U. S. Infantry; J. N. Cross, V. R. C.; R. P. Crawford, A. A. G.; G. T. Crawford, C. F. Hoyt, A. Q. M.

Late of the Army.—Colonels W. S. Hilyer and George P. Ihrie, of Gen. Grant's Staff; R. A. Alger, 5th Michigan Cavalry; W. D. Mann, 7th Michigan Cavalry; Abel Goddard, 60th N. Y. Infantry; Major Henry S. Fitch, of Gen. Sherman's Staff; Captains W. C. Church, of Gen. Casey's Staff; George D. Kellogg, of Gen. Halleck's Staff; D. Stratton; F. C. Davis, Cavalry Bureau.

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| One Cent | per Day | on a | $50 | Note. |
| Two Cents | " | " | $100 | " |
| Ten " | " | " | $500 | " |
| 20 " | " | " | $1000 | " |
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March 25, 1865.

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